HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE BATHS AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 75.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR FEBRUARY, 1887 (VOL. 74, No. 441),
BEGINS A NEW NOVEL
BY W. D. HOWELLS.

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE. MOOSE HUNTING BY JACK-LIGHT. Drawn by A. B. FROST.
THE ACADIAN LAND. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
APRIL HOPES. PART I. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS.
THE NAVIES OF THE CONTINENT. II. By SIR EDWARD J. REED.
NARKA. PART II. A Story of Russian Life. By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.
CAMPAIGNING WITH THE COSSACKS. II. By FRANK D. MILLET.
SPRINGHAVEN. PART XI. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
MOOSE HUNTING. By HENRY P. WELLS.
THE WISH. A POEM. From "The Mistress." By ABRAHAM COWLEY.
LEONARD ARUNDEL'S RECOVERY. By GRANT ALLEN.
SHORT POEMS.
THE FAIRY'S GIFT. By ANDREW LANG. LOVE'S GOING. By CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN. SONG. By RONALD C. MACFIE. AN EMPTY NEST. By MARY A. BARR. LOVE'S NIGHT WATCH. By JOHN MUIR.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
EDITOR'S STUDY. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER. Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

BLIND LEGISLATION.

JUST before the vote upon the Inter-State Commerce Bill was taken in the Senate, Senator INGALLS, of Kansas, said of the bill: "I regret that I have to vote for it, and think there are a great many others in the same condition. This is a bill which practically nobody wants, and which everybody intends to vote for; which nobody is satisfied with, and which everybody intends to accept—a bill which nobody knows what it means, and yet we have all agreed it ought to pass." This is a remarkable statement. Senator INGALLS said that the bill was "fatally defective," and then voted for it. Perhaps he thought a fatally defective bill upon the subject better than none. Perhaps he thought that his constituents wanted some bill, and this was the only one that was offered. The Senator can hardly be surprised that there is not profound public respect for such legislative action. A Senator is not an agent nor a delegate. His State commits its interests in the Senate to his judgment, and if he thinks a bill fatally defective, or that nobody wants it or understands it, however excellent its general purpose may be, he ought not to vote for it. To vote for a bad bill because its object may be good is generally to frustrate the good object.

The consideration which seems to have determined the action of the Senate is that there is a great and just public jealousy of the enormous power of the railroads, as well as of corporate monopoly in general, with which, however, nobody knows exactly how to deal. But as this bill aims ostensibly at Congressional regulation of that power, popular opinion is believed to favor its passage for that reason, but without knowledge of its details or of its possible consequences if passed. It is, in fact, a bill of the highest importance. Its object, so far as it would prevent unjust discrimination and relieve public burdens, is most praiseworthy. But the subject is intricate and difficult. It can be treated wisely, so as to secure justice and relief, only by large and accurate intelligence and great sagacity, and acquiescence in any bill merely because some bill is demanded is the reverse of statesmanship. The section of the bill as passed which concerns the long and short hauls is left in the utmost obscurity. Senator CULLOM was constantly and elaborately and patiently explaining it. But no possible explanation can convey a clear and definite impression of the meaning of a provision

"that it shall be unlawful for any common carrier, subject to the provisions of this act, to charge or receive any greater compensation in the aggregate for the transportation of passengers, or of like kind of property, under substantially similar circumstances and conditions, for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line in the same direction."

Who is to decide what are substantially similar circumstances and conditions? And if either the long haul or the short haul must determine the through rate, what is to prevent the adoption of that rate which is most profitable to the railroad and the least advantageous to the farmer?

These were questions that were not answered satisfactorily in the debate. Mr. JAMES F. HUDSON, who has studied the question very deeply, says in his recent communication to the WEEKLY that the long and short haul clause is plain enough, and he approves it. On the other hand, Mr. HENRY V. POOR, editor of *Poor's Railroad Manual*, and one of the foremost authorities upon the subject, says of the long and short haul clause, "A rigid application of the doctrine laid down in the report of the committee of conference would destroy the greater part of the domestic and foreign commerce of the country." The bill creates a Commission, but the interpretation of the meaning of the bill as it stands would inevitably fall upon the courts, and another effort should be made to make the meaning unmistakable before the final passage. The difference of opinion among the most intelligent critics of the bill is so decided that its passage as it stands would be a leap in the dark taken in obedience to a supposed necessity of yielding to a public demand. That demand is in general well-founded. But that fact is not a reason for the passage of an unintelligible law. It seems to be understood, however, that it will pass, and the consequences can be known only after some months of trial.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE election of Mr. FRANK HISCOCK as Senator from New York to succeed Mr. WARNER MILLER ends ostensibly a very long and bitter contest. But it is not, as the *Tribune* says, a tribute to his personal worth, worthy as he undoubtedly is. It is the result of very clever political strategy, and in the defeat of Mr. MILLER Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT pays off an old score. Mr. HISCOCK is a man of excellent character and ability, with experience in public affairs, and an admirably equipped debater. He has shared the Republican leadership of the House with Mr. REED of Maine and Mr. MCKINLEY of Ohio, and his election is as fortunate a compromise for the Republican party in New York as could have been effected.

In Massachusetts the re-election of Mr. DAWES by the aid of Democratic votes is a significant event. The contest in that State also had been very prolonged and warm. It was a struggle for ascendency between the old and tried party leaders and the younger aspirants for leadership. Ex-Governor LONG was the candidate of the latter, and it is his fortune to have failed in opposing the re-election of both of the present Senators. The fact of the Democratic support of Mr. DAWES will lead to charges of secret understandings, and will produce very angry feeling among Republicans. The situation in Massachusetts shows how little parties represent actual political differences. Politics are rocking in the doldrums.

In Connecticut General HAWLEY has been re-elected, and the State returns an upright, honorable, able, and trained public man, whom lobbies and jobbers assail in vain, and who illustrates the best New England qualities. In California the Democrats have elected Mr. HEARST, whom no one, so far as we have seen, considers to be fitted for the Senatorship. In Illinois the Republicans elect Mr. FARWELL, and in Michigan Mr. STOCKBRIDGE, both known as very rich men. Republican Maine re-elects Mr. EUGENE HALE, and Democratic Delaware Mr. GRAY. In Indiana and New Jersey there has been a desperate party contest for the control of the Legislature to secure the Senator, and in both States the contest will be probably carried up to the Senate. The really able men in the Senate are not many, and their election becomes more difficult with the greater perfection of party machines and the increase of the influence of money in elections. In the New England Senatorial elections, however, there has been no whisper of venal methods.

AN UNTIMELY REVIVAL.

IT is unfortunate that General BADEAU should revive the differences of General GRANT and CHARLES SUMNER, especially as his object seems to have been merely to express his contempt for Mr. SUMNER. But whatever may have been Mr. SUMNER'S defects of temperament and manner, his service to the country was as great as that of any public man of his time. No one more steadfastly than he held the public mind and conscience to the highest standard, and what was denounced as his exasperating impracticability was the very inflexibility which was indispensable. There was never a man more fortunate than Mr. SUMNER in the time at which he was born. He had what many very able men have not had—his opportunity.

His differences with General GRANT were unfortunate for both of them, but they were inevitable in the nature of the two men. They were unfortunate for General GRANT, because they gave him a deep dislike of the kind of men of whom Mr. SUMNER was a representative, and withdrew him to the intercourse of those whose influence was certainly no better; and it was unfortunate for Mr. SUMNER for a similar reason. It alienated him from a great body of men with whom otherwise he might have heartily co-operated at an important public juncture. The story of those years, of the San Domingo debate, of the MOTLEY removal, and of broken friendships, is very sad. There were misunderstandings, calumnies, falsehoods, anger, and separations which may well be forgotten. History will not accept GRANT'S estimate of SUMNER, nor SUMNER'S of GRANT, and nothing is to be gained by a revival of the personal controversy in all the bitterness of personal feeling.

But of the story as told by General BADEAU, Mr. SUMNER fortunately has left his version, and there are those living who know much. In Dr. HOLMES'S *Life of Motley* and in MOTLEY'S unpublished correspondence there is also much that must be considered. The facts in regard to the alleged suppression of treaties by Mr. SUMNER, after long and angry discussion, were disclosed by the removal of the seal of secrecy by the Senate, and certainly the result was not discreditable to Mr. SUMNER. No friend of his desires, but none would decline, the controversy, should it be reopened. General BADEAU at one point in his paper raises an issue of veracity with Mr. SUMNER, not upon an inference, but upon a fact, and a fact of which General BADEAU could have had no personal knowledge, because it was a conversation at which he was not present. What passed at that interview was known only to the interlocutors, and Mr. SUMNER has left his statement. General GRANT and Mr. SUMNER were both men of strong character, of great integrity, of courage and honest convictions. They were both in the highest degree patriotic, and both deserve the grateful recollection of their countrymen.

A HIGH PRICE.

To desire to be a Senator of the United States is an honorable ambition. But to open "head-quarters" at the capital of a State, and day after day personally to solicit the votes of members of the Legislature, is an unedifying spectacle and a personal humiliation. Do we therefore think that a candidate for the Senate should hold himself aloof from his fellow-citizens as a high and mighty being to whom Senatorships and other choice distinctions should be offered upon silver salvers? Do we think that he ought to assume to be of a finer class than other men, or do we suppose that if he does not think it worth while to show any interest in his own success, other people will be likely to strain themselves almost to death to serve him? "Men and brethren," no. But however great a prize an office may be, it is possible to pay too high a price for it, and it is true of the Senatorship, and of every post of official honor, as Mr. LOWNDES said of the Presidency, that it is neither to be sought nor declined. Is the good old American doctrine altogether obsolete that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office?

A Senator of the United States once left the Senate-chamber and returned to the capital of his State to endeavor to retain his seat on the eve of the election of his successor. As he stood talking with a friend in the corridor of a hotel he looked suspiciously at a door ajar, and lowering his voice, drew his friend away, remarking that at such a time they could not be too careful of eavesdroppers. The door was that of the chamber-maid's slop closet. The price seemed a little high for a gentleman to pay even for a Senatorship.

These are perhaps supercelestial views. Decent views of politics are apt to be so described. Nevertheless an election to any office which is accomplished by paying the election expenses of those upon whose votes the election depends; by appeals to official action which was taken for the very purpose of making such appeals; by the tricks and intrigues of professional and trading politicians; by boasts and lies, and cooked petitions and reports, and promises and personal entreaty; by anything, in fact, except reliance upon the unbought preference of the voters—is a bargain, or a game, or a scratch, or a fraud, but it is not an honor. It does not win the confidence or the respect of the people.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

THE agreement of the conference committee upon the Electoral Count Bill assures undoubtedly the passage of the bill. This is a result upon which Congress and the country may be sincerely congratulated. It is in the best sense patriotic legislation. It supplies the most serious omission in the Constitution, and it provides for a contingency which may arise at any Presidential election, and which, except for such a provision, would produce civil war. No one who recalls the winter of 1876-7—the just and profound apprehension of dire disaster, the consciousness of all intelligent men that an emergency of extreme peril had arisen for which there was no existing provision, and the knowledge that the only possible hope of escape lay in the wise and unpartisan action of a Congress in which the two Houses were politically divided, and where party passion was inflamed to the utmost—but will rejoice that the same wisdom and patriotism which preserved the country then has made permanent provision for the avoidance of the peril hereafter.

The passage of this bill, and of the Presidential Succession Bill last year, are the chief trophies of this Congress, and both laws are the more memorable and admirable because, like the Civil Service Act, they are wholly unpartisan. They prove that, important and inevitable as parties are, there can be the best and most useful legislation without party action. Indeed, it will not be easy to point out in the record of this Congress any legislation due exclusively to party which is so important and beneficent as this nonpartisan action. The moral to be drawn is not that parties are superfluous and useless, but that they should be held strictly as servants, and not as masters. There is often as much abject servility in protestation of loyalty to a party as in that of slavish obedience to a despot. The strict party doctrine that

the motives of the other side are always to be suspected, and that nothing must be approved which it proposes, for fear of giving it popular prestige, would have prevented the most valuable legislation of this Congress.

This Electoral Count Law as adopted is the result of a long agitation and debate, and no question of similar importance has been more thoroughly treated and comprehended. The danger of the existing situation was plainly pointed out in 1875 and 1876, and the country was immediately confronted with it. The press has urged the consideration of a remedy, and the intelligence of the country and of Congress gradually came to the same conclusion. The unanimous vote of the Senate at two sessions is a very impressive and significant fact, and the House, in which the delay has occurred, has now adhered to the bill practically without debate. It is a good deed well done.

A LITTLE GAME.

By a vote of 179 to 76 the House of Representatives has passed a bill giving a pension to the dependent and disabled parents of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, provided that such soldiers or sailors left no widow or minor children. The bill also grants a monthly pension of $12 to all persons who served three months or more in the army or navy during any war, and who are disabled, not by vicious habits or gross carelessness, from earning a support. The House also, by a vote of 243 to 5, passed the Mexican Pension Bill, giving a monthly pension of $8 to every honorably discharged person who served for three months or more in the army or navy, and who is disabled, according to the pension laws, or to the widows of such persons who have not married again. The first of these bills may take $6,000,000, or it may take ten times that amount, from the Treasury. Nobody can tell. Such bills leave no excuse for taunting the republic with ingratitude. If the surplus should continue, the next step will be probably to grant the pension, in the event that the soldier leaves no dependent or disabled parents, to his disabled aunts or cousins.

This kind of liberality illustrates the consequences arising from an enormous surplus. The feeling of gratitude toward soldiers and sailors who have risked their lives and suffered for the country is so just and deep and universal that it is turned ingeniously to the advantage of all kinds of schemes and schemers. The percentage of such legislative grants that goes into the pockets of claim agents is immense. But a vote for a pension bill which is supposed to represent the national gratitude is a crafty way of voting to reduce the surplus without touching any existing unjust tariff tax. To pose as a grateful patriot by maintaining the taxes on the raw materials of industry is a very great service.

It may be doubted whether, if the lavish pension bills required a heavier burden to be laid upon the industry of the country, they would be so readily passed. They must not be supposed to be favored by all soldiers and sailors. There are plenty of men who served bravely both in the army and navy who are among the most intelligent of American citizens, and who understand these "little games" quite as well as members of Congress who play them. With all other good citizens they approve a generous and reasonable system of pensions, and equally with such citizens they disapprove trading upon patriotism, and deplore the demoralization which is bred by a surplus.

TWO PIONEERS.

The newspapers recently announced on the same morning the death of two of the conspicuous pioneers in the antislavery agitation—Henry B. Stanton and Abby Kelley Foster. They were both old, and both had seen the emancipation for which they labored with an eloquence that aroused and directed public opinion. Abby Kelley was one of the earliest and most effective of the antislavery women who went upon the platform. She married Stephen S. Foster, who was no less earnest in his convictions and speech, and who indeed was a figure of the sternest Puritan epoch appearing in a later day. Their reputation was limited to the antislavery circle, and their names would be little known beyond the line of the abolition tradition. But within it they are very familiar.

Mr. Stanton was one of the first and one of the most eloquent and effective of the antislavery orators. But he had a taste for politics which was not shared by Garrison and many of his friends, and which with the woman question, and especially the church question, and the "isms" which abounded and were adopted by many of the early abolitionists, led to the "new organization," which was the great schism in the abolition ranks. Mr. Stanton approved political action, and he passed through the various degrees of antislavery politics, the Liberty party, and the Barnburners, into the Republican party.

He was originally of Democratic sympathies, and after his retirement from the Custom-house under the Lincoln administration, and the ending of the antislavery struggle in emancipation, he resumed his old Democratic sympathies, and served his cause as a newspaper writer. His knowledge of politics and of politicians, as well as of political history, was very large, and he wrote with admirable vigor and spirit, chiefly in the *Sun*. Mr. Stanton was a man of unusual gifts, and very charming in personal intercourse, and he retained in his age much of the mental and physical alertness of earlier years. The discrepancy between his powers and the impression made by him was perhaps, as often in similar instances, a question of moral earnestness. He amused himself with life and affairs while showing the faculty to take a prominent part which he never played.

REFORM AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Shreveport *Times* gives information, which is undoubtedly authentic, in regard to the changes in the customs service at New Orleans, where Mr. B. F. Jonas is Collector. The *Times* states that, including temporary laborers, there are 300 employés subject to the Collector's appointment. These places are in large part within the classified service and under the reform rules. "When no such check is placed upon official action," remarks the *Times*, "a radical partisan, though efficient, can readily be replaced by a competent Democrat. Where the civil service law intervenes," it adds, regretfully, "the problem is more difficult."

It seems, however, despite all checks, that after eighteen months of the Collectorship of Mr. Jonas, who is described by the *Times* as "one of the purest and best of Louisiana Democrats," out of the 300 employés only twenty-nine of the old force remain, and of these twenty-nine only six are Republicans, classed as "moderate." The *Times* says, with artless frankness:

"The *Times* would rejoice to see every man of the old force turned loose upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world, but there are doubtless impediments to securing such a complete sweep, and we are free to say that the Collector of the Port Jonas has come as near reaching the ideal as could be expected under the circumstances."

This is a statement which should satisfy the most exigent Democratic spoilsman, and there is little doubt that if the 271 who have been removed were offensive Republican partisans, their successors are equally offensive Democrats. Reform certainly offers no hideous mien to the Louisiana Democracy.

It is hardly possible to suppose that an officer animated by the spirit of Collector Jonas enforces the civil service law with impartial rigor. On the contrary, it may be assumed—and the assumption is verified by the facts at many other offices—that where the head of the office is unfriendly to the law, it is evaded. It appears from the statement of the *Times* that as the twenty-nine who are not Democrats are old employés, all those of the 271 who have passed the examination and probation, and been appointed under the rules, are Democrats. We invite the attention of the Civil Service Commission to the New Orleans Custom-house, and to the detailed list published in the Shreveport *Times*. The Commission would do a great public service by stating in their report how many changes have been made in the classified service throughout the country since the 4th of March, 1885.

PROFESSOR YOUMANS.

The death of Professor Youmans is a serious loss to the country. His services in popularizing science in the *Popular Science Monthly*, but popularizing in a strictly scientific spirit, were very great, and have won for him a special distinction. He did not make science easy in the sense of superficiality and smatter, but by a natural gift both of apprehension and expression, which he shared with some of the chief men of science of the time—Agassiz, Huxley, Tyndall, and others.

Professor Youmans's friendship for Herbert Spencer, as well as for the distinctive masters of science, made him the intermediary between them and the American public, and his personal modesty and simplicity of character and manner won universal confidence and regard. There was a great deal of quiet heroism in his life. At the age of thirteen he was totally blind, and although his sight was restored, it was never vigorous, and he was sometimes unable to use his eyes at all.

But the steady, cheerful temperament, which is so often the good genius of scholars, sustained him in the darker hours of his life, and his industry was constant. His works are many and valuable, and his place among the faithful ministers of science in this country is assured. The noiseless fidelity to intellectual pursuits of men like Professor Youmans is one of the most refreshing spectacles and influences in our busy American life.

CHARACTERISTIC INACCURACY.

An "Occasional Note" in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* illustrates, for the hundredth time, the incurable inaccuracy of even the best-intentioned writers for the English press in regard to things American. The Note was intended to describe the straits to which "publishing pirates" have been reduced on this side of the Atlantic, and it does so with apparent justice; but the writer seriously weakens the force of the truth which he tries to convey by including the "Franklin Square Library" among "the collections of surreptitious literature" with which he represents this country to be swarming. This injustice was partly atoned for by the publication on the following day of this correction:

"A correspondent writes: 'The writer of your Occasional Note on American literary pirates is quite right in his conclusions, but quite wrong in his illustrations. The *Franklin Square Library*, published by Messrs. Harper, has never issued a book that it has not paid for, and in the special cases of Miss Braddon and Mr. William Black which you cite, the works have invariably been printed from advanced sheets furnished by the authors—a fact which entirely excludes the possibility of piracy. You should have pointed to another "Library" and cited other authors in support of your just conclusion.'"

If after "advanced sheets" in the above statement we read "furnished by the authors or publishers," it is substantially correct.

But the writer of the Original Note makes an equally serious blunder, which remains uncorrected, in referring to the law of trade courtesy observed by respectable American publishers as an attempt to impart "some similitude of honor to their nefarious transactions." Any one assuming to instruct the public on this subject ought to know that under the law of trade courtesy American publishers were able to remunerate English authors for early sheets, and that, according to the report of the British Copyright Commission, this payment was in some cases greater than it would have been under the monopoly of copyright. It was when the laws by which American publishers voluntarily held themselves bound were broken through by the starting of the so-called "Libraries," with their ten and twenty cent editions of new and valuable books, that it became impossible to keep up a liberal standard of payment to the British author. For example, Messrs. Harper & Brothers paid £1700 for *Daniel Deronda*, only to find their two editions of the book running in competition with the reprints of the "Libraries" at twenty cents. A similar fate awaited Black's *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, for which £600 was paid, and so with other books of English origin. Respectable American publishers would rejoice as much as British authors in seeing the "literary thieves," as the *Pall Mall* calls them, driven from the field, but while they honorably pay such a return as the present conditions of publication will afford for all foreign books reprinted by them, they must decline to admit the justice of their being placed in the same category as those who make it a rule to pay nothing.

PERSONAL.

Certain members of the Authors' Club, perhaps the most successful institution of its class and age in the world, are agitating a proposal to throw open its doors to creators in art in general—to leading architects, painters, sculptors, and musical composers, as well as men of letters.

—Dr. Gerster, the brother of the celebrated prima donna, is making a collection of instantaneous photographs of difficult surgical operations, for the benefit of students. Each photograph is taken under his personal direction, and intended to show them precisely the best method of placing the patient, arranging the auxiliaries, and holding the instruments. It is important for them, he says, to know the most approved way of managing the simplest detail, even to the hanging of a towel.

—A brief talk about the present condition of Princeton College will be given by a member of the faculty of that institution before the Princeton Club at a meeting on Fifth Avenue on the 3d of February. The most encouraging educational sign of the times is the growing "cultivation" of their alumni by the principal colleges of the land, and it was to foster this practice that the Princeton Club of New York city was organized. The annual dues are only $5.

—Mr. A. T. Stewart would doubtless have been much pleased to see the handsome *édition de luxe* of the catalogue of his collection of art works now preparing by the American Art Association. Some of the illustrations are etchings, some photogravures, some phototypes, from azeline negatives of the oil-paintings, which wonderfully reproduce the color-values of the same. Owing to the newness of the principal processes employed, no such catalogue would have been possible three years ago.

—In response to a request from more than fifty ladies, the Fencers' Club will soon open its rooms to the feminine relatives and friends of its members, between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., for instruction in fencing, under the direction of Captain Nicolas. Like all experts in this delightful exercise, Captain Nicolas enthusiastically recommends the moderate use of it for the physical and intellectual benefit of the fair sex.

—Mr. H. H. Honoré, after a long residence in the far West, is at his old home in Chicago again, in excellent circumstances. Of his two daughters, the eldest married Mr. Potter Palmer, and the younger is the wife of Colonel Fred D. Grant.

—Mrs. Moses Stevens, of North Andover, Massachusetts, has purchased the Adams homestead in that town, and will make it a summer home for poor children.

—When Mr. Joseph Jefferson was camping out last summer, one of his mates asked him to recite a certain scene from *Rip Van Winkle*; but the actor declined, saying that he could not repeat any long passage from his parts away from the theatre.

—The rush of Boston women for the unreserved seats at the symphony rehearsals is almost equal to the struggles which used to take place at the Philharmonic rehearsals in the New York Academy of Music. Overshoes, gloves, fragments of skirt trimmings, and small parcels are always found lying in the lobbies after the crowd has passed; and the other day a lady returned anxiously to the door-keeper, asking if he had seen anything of her shopping bag, only the handle of which remained with her.

—Talking with friends the other day about the bringing up of children, General Lew Wallace said, "Train a boy to be brave and to speak the truth, and you have done your best by him."

—Captain William McMickan, of the Cunarder *Umbria*, a veteran and most popular ship-master, a few days ago completed his four hundred and second trip across the Atlantic without accident. January 20 a purse of over $3000 was presented to him as a testimonial of regard on the part of a number of his friends in New York. A portrait of Captain McMickan appeared in Harper's Magazine for August, 1886.

—The Chinese government employed Dr. Bahr as European doctor of their fleet during the recent war with France. When the war was ended the doctor was discharged as a means of economy. The recent riot at Nagasaki, in which a number of Chinese man-of-war's men were badly injured, led the Viceroy Li to engage a civilized doctor to attend the fleet in peace as well as in war.

—The planters in the Straits Settlements made up a purse of $6000 for Mrs. Hansen, who was captured by pirates at Acheen after her husband, the captain of the steamer *Hok Canton*, had been butchered. The unfortunate lady was held for weeks for ransom, and was forced to travel several hundred miles barefooted through the tropical jungle. Her nervous system was so unstrung that for many days after her captivity ended she could get no natural sleep. After her recovery she sailed from Penang for England.

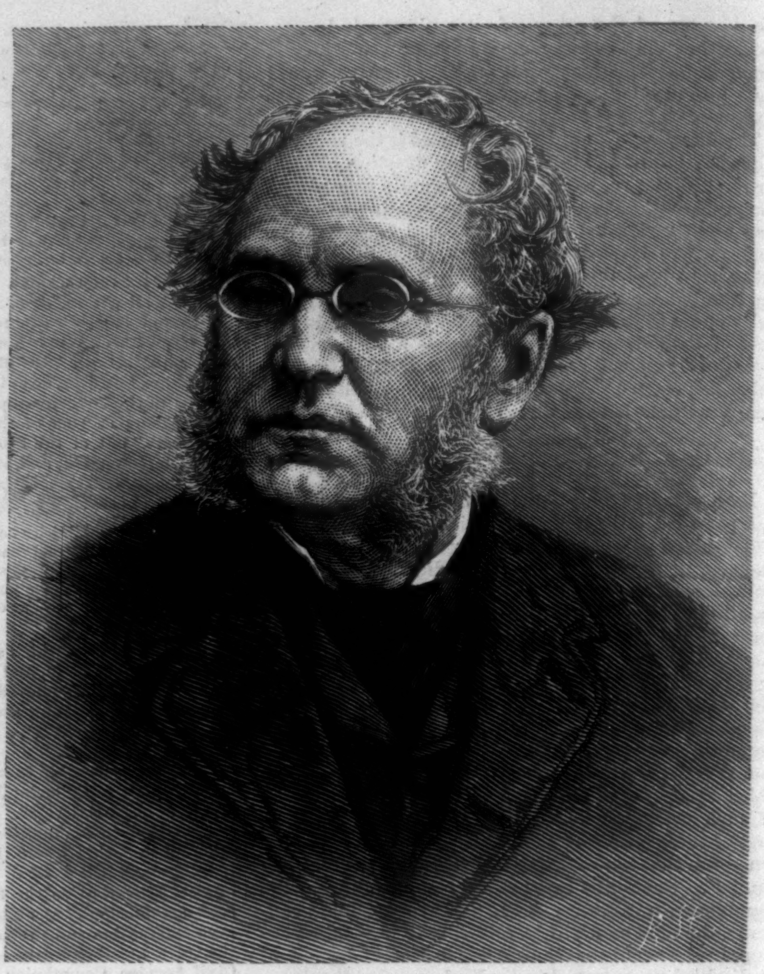
—The death of Peter Luther, a pioneer banker of San Francisco, closed a long and honorable career. Mr. Luther, who was many times a millionaire, never speculated, even in the days of the bonanza excitement. It was his bank vault that the notorious "Jimmy" Hope was drilling into when surprised and captured by detectives.

—Tobogganing has reached Chicago, the first slide erected there having been opened this winter. The man who introduced the sport is R. Y. Hebden, president of the Oakenwald Club.

—Mr. K. Okakura, who is with Professor Fenollosa on the Japanese Commission of Fine Art, now visiting the United States, is probably the only man of his people who has read Chaucer. He cannot only discuss that English poet intelligently, but can quote from him easily and largely.

—Samuel F. Johnson, who died recently in Chicago, leaving a bequest of $10,000 for the erection in Lincoln Park of a bronze statue of Shakespeare, inherited great wealth from his father. After graduating from Harvard College, he began enjoying himself in a systematic manner. He had an abhorrence of business, his property being managed entirely by an agent. He was singularly sparing of his words, even in conversation with friends. He was an intimate companion of General Sheridan during that officer's residence in Chicago.

GENERAL W. B. HAZEN.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 74.]



PROFESSOR E. L. YOUMANS.

PROFESSOR E. L. YOUMANS.

Professor Edward Livingston Youmans died at his home in New York on January 18, in his sixty-sixth year. Professor Youmans was a native of Coeymans, New York, and a resident of Saratoga during his youth; but he came to this city in early manhood, and spent the most of his life here. In 1851 he began to write and to compile scientific books. He became an intimate friend of Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, and other scientific men in England and on the Continent, and the most fruitful work of his life grew out of these friendships. To give wider publicity especially to the writings of Herbert Spencer was one of the main motives which led Professor Youmans to found the *Popular Science Monthly*, which, with the editorial assistance of his brother, he conducted until his death. This suggested to him the plan which took shape in the "International Scientific Series" of volumes by authoritative writers, each about his specialty, which was the most comprehensive schedule for making popular the results of a great intellectual movement, perhaps, that can be found in the history of literature. Fifty-seven volumes of the series have been written, and published simultaneously in New York, London, Paris, Leipsic, Milan, and St. Petersburg, and the authors have received payment from the sale of the books in all countries.

The most important of Professor Youmans's own writings are a *Class-Book of Chemistry, Alcohol and the Constitution of Man, The Chemical Atlas, The Hand-Book of Household Science, The Correlation and the Conservation of Forces*, and *The Culture Demanded by Modern Life*. Although his best service to science was his popularization of all the most noteworthy scientific writers of the time, and not original contributions, he was an enthusiastic and accomplished experimenter in chemistry and physics. For a period during his early life he was blind, and his sister, Miss Anne Eliza Youmans, conducted experiments for him. For the greater part of his life, during the last forty years, Professor Youmans had intimate literary relations with the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co.

CUTTING ICE ON THE HUDSON.—Photographed by E. M. Bidwell.—[See Page 74.]

"'THEY'LL TAKE THEIR TURN AFTER YOU,' HE SAID, GRIMLY, PICKING UP A WRAP FROM THE RAILING AND THROWING IT OVER HER SHOULDERS."

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IV.

BY noon of the following day the coast of the Peninsula of California had been sighted to leeward. The lower temperature of the northwest trades had driven Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb into their state-rooms to consult their wardrobes in view of an impending change from the light muslins and easy languid toilets of the tropics. That momentous question for the moment held all other topics in abeyance; and even Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene, though they still kept the deck in shawls and wraps, sighed over this feminine evidence of the gentle passing of their summer holiday. The gentlemen had already mounted their pea-jackets and overcoats, with the single exception of Señor Perkins, who, in chivalrous compliment to the elements, still bared his unfettered throat and forehead to the breeze. The aspect of the coast, as seen from the *Excelsior's* deck, seemed to bear out Mr. Banks's sweeping indictment of the day before. A few low, dome-like hills, yellow and treeless as sand-dunes, scarcely raised themselves above the horizon. The air, too, appeared to have taken upon itself a dry asperity; the sun shone with a hard, practical brilliancy. Miss Keene raised her eyes to Señor Perkins with a pretty impatience that she sometimes indulged in, as one of the privileges of accepted beauty and petted youth.

"I don't think much of your peninsula," she said, poutingly. "It looks dreadfully flat and uninteresting. It was a great deal nicer on the other coast, or even at sea."

"Perhaps you are judging hastily, my dear young friend," said Señor Perkins, with habitual tolerance. "I have heard that behind those hills, and hidden from sight in some of the cañons, are perfect little Edens of beauty and fruitfulness. They are like some ardent natures that cover their approaches with the ashes of their burnt-out fires, but only do it the better to keep intact their glowing, vivifying, central heat."

"How very poetical, Mr. Perkins!" said Mrs. Markham, with blunt admiration. "You ought to put that into verse."

"I have," returned Señor Perkins, modestly. "They are some reflections on—I hardly dare call them an apostrophe to—the crater of Colima. If you will permit me to read them to you this evening, I shall be charmed. I hope also to take that opportunity of showing you the verses of a gifted woman, not yet known to fame, Mrs. Euphemia McCorkle, of Peoria, Illinois."

Mrs. Markham coughed slightly. The gifted McCorkle was already known to her through certain lines quoted by the señor, and the entire cabin had one evening fled before a larger and more ambitious manuscript of the fair Illinoisian. Miss Keene, who dreaded the reappearance of this poetical phantom that seemed to haunt the señor's fancy, could not, however, forget that she had been touched on that occasion by a kindly moisture of eye and tremulousness of voice in the reader, and, in spite of the hopeless bathos of the composition, she had forgiven him. Though she did not always understand Señor Perkins, she liked him too well to allow him to become ridiculous to others, and at the present moment she promptly interposed with a charming assumption of coquetry.

"You forget that you promised to let *me* read the manuscript first, and in private, and that you engaged to give me my revenge at chess this evening. But do as you like. You are all fast becoming faithless. I suppose it is because our holiday is drawing to a close, and we shall soon forget we ever had any, or be ashamed we ever played so long. Everybody seems to be getting nervous and fidgety, and preparing for civilization again. Mr. Banks, for the last few days, has dressed himself regularly as if he were going down-town to his office, and writes letters in the corner of the saloon as if it were a counting-house. Mr. Crosby and Mr. Winslow do nothing but talk of their prospects, and I believe they are drawing up articles of partnership together. Here is Mr. Brace frightening me by telling me that my brother will lock me up to keep the rich miners from laying their bags of gold-dust at my feet; and Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb assure me that I haven't a decent gown to go ashore in."

"You forget Mr. Hurlstone," said Brace, with ill-concealed bitterness; "he seems to have time enough on his hands, and I dare say would sympathize with you. You women like idle men."

"If we do, it's because only the idle men have the time to amuse us," retorted Miss Keene. "But," she added, with a laugh, "I suppose I'm getting nervous and fidgety myself, for I find myself every now and then watching the officers and men, and listening to the orders as if something were going to happen again. I never felt so before; I never used to have the least concern in what you call 'the working of the ship,' and now"—her voice, which had been half playful, half pettish, suddenly became grave—"and now look at the mate and those men forward. There certainly is something going on, or is going to happen. What *are* they looking at?"

The mate had clambered half-way up the main ratlines, and was looking earnestly to windward. Two or three of the crew on the forecastle were gazing in the same direction. The group of cabin passengers on the quarter-deck, following their eyes, saw what appeared to be another low shore on the opposite bow.

"Why, there's another coast there!" said Mrs. Markham.

"It's a fog-bank," said Señor Perkins, gravely. He quickly crossed the deck, exchanged a few words with the officer, and returned. Miss Keene, who had felt a sense of relief, nevertheless questioned his face as he again stood beside her. But he had recovered his beaming cheerfulness. "It's nothing to alarm you," he said, answering her glance; "but it may mean delay if we

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can't get out of it. You don't mind that, I know."

"No," replied the young girl, smiling. "Besides, it would be a new experience. We've had winds and calms—we only want fog now to complete our adventures. Unless it's going to make everybody cross," she continued, with a mischievous glance at Brace.

"You'll find it won't improve the temper of the officers," said Crosby, who had joined the group. "There's nothing sailors hate more than a fog. They can go to sleep in a hurricane between the rolls of a ship, but a fog keeps them awake. It's the one thing they can't shirk. There's the skipper tumbled up, too! The old man looks wrathy, don't he? But it's no use now; we're going slap into it, and the wind's failing!"

It was true. In the last few moments all that vast glistening surface of metallic blue which stretched so far to windward appeared to be slowly eaten away as if by some dull, corroding acid; the distant horizon line of sea and sky was still distinct and sharply cut, but the whole water between them had grown gray, as if some invisible shadow had passed in mid-air across it. The actual fog-bank had suddenly lost its resemblance to the shore, had lifted as a curtain, and now seemed suspended over the ship. Gradually it descended; the top-gallant and top sails were lost in this mysterious vapor, yet the horizon line still glimmered faintly. Then another mist seemed to rise from the sea and meet it; in another instant the deck whereon they stood shrank to the appearance of a raft adrift in a faint gray sea. With the complete obliteration of all circumambient space, the wind fell. Their isolation was complete.

It was notable that the first and most peculiar effect of this misty environment was the absolute silence. The empty, invisible sails above did not flap; the sheets and halyards hung limp; even the faint creaking of an unseen block overhead was so startling as to draw every eye toward it. Muffled orders from viewless figures forward were obeyed by phantoms that moved noiselessly through the gray sea that seemed to have invaded the deck. Even the passengers spoke in whispers, or held their breath in passive groups, as if fearing to break a silence so replete with awe and anticipation. It was next noticed that the vessel was subjected to some vague motion; the resistance of the water had ceased, the waves no longer hissed under her bows or nestled and lapped under her counter; a dreamy, irregular, and listless rocking had taken the place of the regular undulations; at times a faint and half-delicious vertigo seemed to overcome their senses: the ship was drifting.

Captain Bunker stood near the bitts, where his brief orders were transmitted to the man at the almost useless wheel. At his side Señor Perkins beamed with unshaken serenity, and hopefully replied to the captain's half-surly, half-anxious queries.

"By the chart we should be well east of Los Lobos Island, d'ye see?" he said, impatiently. "You don't happen to remember the direction of the current off shore when you were running up here?"

"It's five years ago," said the señor, modestly; "but I remember we kept well to the west to weather Cape St. Eugenio. My impression is that there was a strong northwesterly current setting north of Ballenos Bay."

"And we're in it now," said Captain Bunker, shortly. "How near St. Roque does it set?"

"Within a mile or two. I should keep away more to the west," said Señor Perkins, "and clear—"

"I ain't asking you to run the ship," interrupted Captain Bunker, sharply. "How's her head now, Mr. Brooks?"

The seamen standing near cast a rapid glance at Señor Perkins, but not a muscle of his bland face moved or betrayed a consciousness of the insult. Whatever might have been the feeling toward him, the sailors at that moment admired their captain after their fashion; strong, masterful, and imperious. The danger that had cleared his eye, throat, and brain left him once more the daring and skilful navigator they knew, wiped out of their shallow minds the vicious habit that had sunk him below their level.

It had now become perceptible to even the inexperienced eyes of the passengers that the *Excelsior* was obeying some new and profound impulse. The vague drifting had ceased, and in its place had come a mysterious but regular movement, in which the surrounding mist seemed to participate, until fog and vessel moved together toward some unseen but well-defined bourne. In vain had the boats of the *Excelsior*, manned by her crew, endeavored with a towing-line to check or direct the inexplicable movement; in vain had Captain Bunker struggled, with all the skilled weapons of seamanship, against his invincible foe: wrapped in the impenetrable fog the ship moved ghost-like to what seemed to be her doom.

The anxiety of the officers had not as yet communicated itself to the passengers; those who had been most nervous in the ordinary onset of wind and wave looked upon the fog as a phenomenon whose only disturbance might be delay. To Miss Keene this conveyed no annoyance; rather that placid envelopment of cloud soothed her fancy; she submitted herself to its soft embraces, and to the mysterious onward movement of the ship, as if it were part of a youthful dream. Once she thought of the ship of Sindbad, and that fatal loadstone mountain, with an awe that was, however, half a pleasure.

"You are not frightened, Miss Keene?" said a voice near her. She started slightly. It was the voice of Mr. Hurlstone. So thick was the fog that his face and figure appeared to come dimly out of it, like a part of her dreaming fancy. Without replying to his question, she said, quickly:

"You are better, then, Mr. Hurlstone? We—we were all so frightened for you."

An angry shadow crossed his thin face, and he hesitated. After a pause he recovered himself and said: "I was saying you were taking all this very quietly. I don't think there's much danger myself. And if we should go ashore here—"

"Well?" suggested Miss Keene, ignoring this first intimation of danger in her interest in the man's manner.

"Well, we should all be separated only a few days earlier, that's all!"

More frightened at the strange bitterness of his voice than by the sense of physical peril, she was vaguely moving away toward the dimly outlined figures of her companions, when she was arrested by a voice forward. There was a slight murmur among the passengers.

"What did he say?" asked Miss Keene. "What are 'Breakers ahead'?"

Hurlstone did not reply.

"Where away?" asked a second voice.

The murmur still continuing, Captain Bunker's hoarse voice pierced the gloom. "Silence fore and aft!"

The first voice repeated, faintly, "On the larboard bow." There was another silence. Again the voice repeated, as if mechanically, "Breakers!"

"Where away?"

"On the starboard beam."

"We are in some passage or channel," said Hurlstone, quietly. The young girl glanced round her, and saw for the first time that, in one of those inexplicable movements she had not understood, the other passengers had been withdrawn into a limited space of the deck, as if through some authoritative orders, while she and her companion had been evidently overlooked. A couple of sailors who had suddenly taken their positions by the quarter-boats strengthened the accidental separation.

"Is there some one taking care of you?" he asked, half hesitatingly—"Mr. Brace—Perkins—or—"

"No," she replied, quickly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, we are very near the boat in an emergency, and you might allow me to stay here and see you safe in it."

"But the other ladies? Mrs. Markham, and—"

"They'll take their turn after *you*," he said, grimly, picking up a wrap from the railing and throwing it over her shoulders.

"But—I don't understand!" she stammered, more embarrassed by the situation than by any impending peril.

"There is very little danger, I think," he added, impatiently. "There is scarcely any sea; the ship has very little way on; and these breakers are not over rocks. Listen."

She tried to listen. At first she heard nothing but the occasional low voice of command near the wheel. Then she became conscious of a gentle, soothing murmur through the fog to the right. She had heard such a murmuring accompaniment to her girlish dreams at Newport on a still summer night. There was nothing to frighten her, but it increased her embarrassment.

"And you?" she said, awkwardly, raising her soft eyes.

"Oh, if you are all going off in the boats, by Jove, I think I'll stick to the ship!" he returned, with a frankness that would have been rude but for its utter abstraction.

Miss Keene was silent. The ship moved gently onward. The monotonous cry of the leadsman in the chains was the only sound audible. The soundings were indicating shoaler water, although the murmuring of the surf had been left far astern. The almost imperceptible darkening of the mist on either beam seemed to show that the *Excelsior* was entering some land-locked passage. The movement of the vessel slackened, the tide was beginning to ebb. Suddenly a wave of far-off clamor, faint but sonorous, broke across the ship. There was an interval of breathless silence, and then it broke again, and more distinctly. It was the sound of bells!

The thrill of awe which passed through passengers and crew at this spiritual challenge from the vast and intangible void around them had scarcely subsided when the captain turned to Señor Perkins with a look of surly interrogation. The señor brushed his hat further back on his head, wiped his brow, and became thoughtful.

"It's too far south for Rosario," he said, deprecatingly, "and the only other mission I know of is San Carlos, and that's far inland. But that is the Angelus, and those are mission bells, surely."

The captain turned to Mr. Brooks. The voice of invisible command again passed along the deck, and, with a splash in the water and the rattling of chains, the *Excelsior* swung slowly round on her anchor on the bosom of what seemed a placid bay.

Miss Keene, who in her complete absorption had listened to the phantom bells with an almost superstitious exaltation, had forgotten the presence of her companion, and now turned toward him. But he was gone. The imminent danger he had spoken of half slightingly he evidently considered as past. He had taken the opportunity offered by the slight bustle made by the lowering of the quarter-boat and the departure of the mate on a voyage of discovery to mingle with the crowd and regain his state-room. With the anchoring of the vessel, the momentary restraint was relaxed, the passengers were allowed to pervade the deck, and Mrs. Markham and Mr. Brace simultaneously rushed to Miss Keene's side.

"We were awfully alarmed for you, my dear," said Mrs. Markham, "until we saw you had a protector. Do tell me—what *did* he say? He must have thought the danger great to have broken the señor's orders and come upon deck? What did he talk about?"

With a vivid recollection in her mind of Mr. Hurlstone's contemptuous ignoring of the other ladies, Miss Keene became slightly embarrassed. Her confusion was not removed by the consciousness that the jealous eyes of Brace were fixed upon her.

"Perhaps he thought it was night, and walked up on deck in his sleep," remarked Brace, sarcastically. "He's probably gone back to bed."

"He offered me his protection very politely, and begged to remain to put me in the boat in case of danger," said Miss Keene, recovering herself, and directing her reply to Mrs. Markham. "I think that others have made me the same kind of offer—who were wide-awake," she added, mischievously, to Brace.

"I wouldn't be too sure that they were not foolishly dreaming too," returned Brace, in a lower voice.

"I should think we all were asleep or dreaming here," said Mrs. Markham, briskly. "Nobody seems to know where we are, and the only man who might guess it—Señor Perkins—has gone off in the boat with the mate."

"We're not a mile from shore and a Catholic church," said Crosby, who had joined them. "I just left Mrs. Brimmer, who is very High-Church, you know, quite overcome by these Angelus bells. She's been entreating the captain to let her go ashore for Vespers. It wouldn't be a bad idea, if we could only see what sort of a place we've got to. It wouldn't do to go feeling round the settlement in the dark, would it? Hallo! what's that? Oh, by Jove, that 'll finish Mrs. Brimmer, sure!"

"Hush!" said Miss Keene, impulsively.

He stopped. The long-drawn cadence of a chant in thin clear soprano voices swept through the fog from the invisible shore, rose high above the ship, and then fell, dying away with immeasurable sweetness and melancholy. Even when it had passed, a lingering melody seemed to fill the deck. Two or three of the foreign sailors crossed themselves devoutly; the other passengers withheld their speech and looked at each other. Afraid to break the charm by speech, they listened again, but in vain; an infinite repose followed that seemed to pervade everything.

It was broken at last by the sound of oars in their rowlocks; the boat was returning. But it was noticed that the fog had slightly lifted from the surface of the water, for the boat was distinctly visible two cables' length from the ship as she approached, and it was seen that besides the first officer and Señor Perkins there were two strangers in the boat. Everybody rushed to the side for a nearer view of those strange inhabitants of the unknown shore; but the boat's crew suddenly ceased rowing, and lay on their oars until an indistinct hail and reply passed between the boat and ship. There was a bustle forward, an unexpected thunder from the *Excelsior's* eight-pounder at the bow port; Captain Bunker and the second mate ranged themselves at the companionway; and the passengers for the first time became aware that they were participating at the reception of visitors of distinction, as two strange and bizarre figures stepped upon the deck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL WILLIAM B. HAZEN.

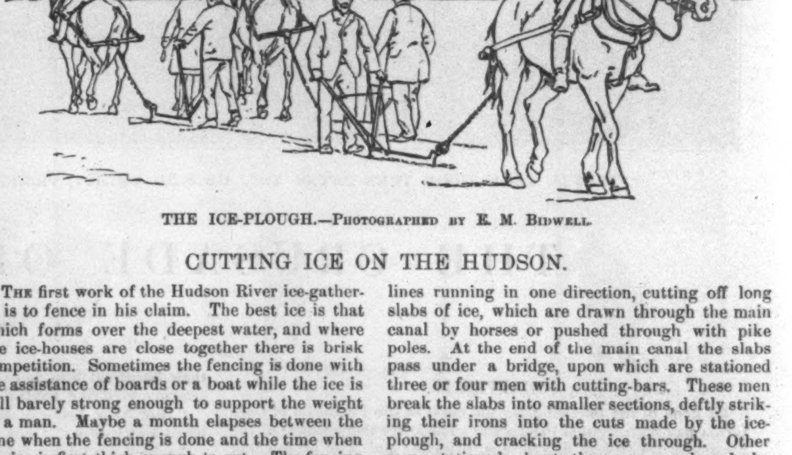
The death of the Chief Signal Officer, which occurred in Washington on the 16th of January, was unexpected, although he had long been in ill health, and had obtained a year's leave of absence on that account. His active, controversial temperament perhaps misled even his friends as to his bodily vigor. His wife, a daughter of Mr. WASHINGTON MCLEAN, of Cincinnati, was absent in southern France, whither she had gone a few months before for her health, with their only son.

Born in West Hartford, Vermont, September 27, 1830, WILLIAM BABCOCK HAZEN entered West Point in 1851, and graduated four years later, No. 28 in a class of thirty-four members. During the five years succeeding he had his full share of Indian fighting in Oregon, California, and Texas as Second Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry, being engaged in skirmishes with the Rogue River, Apache, Kickapoo, and Comanche tribes. In battle with the Comanches on the Yanno, in 1859, he was severely wounded. Six months earlier he had received a brevet for gallantry in two Indian combats.

The outbreak of the civil war found him Assistant Instructor of Infantry Tactics at West Point, to which he had been assigned after recovery from his wounds. He was appointed Captain of the Eighth Infantry, and recruited the Forty-first Ohio, which he commanded. In the battle of Shiloh he commanded a brigade in BUELL'S army, and under the same officer took part in the Corinth campaign and in the battle of Perryville. Throughout the succeeding years of the war he served continuously at the West, under the successive commands of ROSECRANS, THOMAS, GRANT, and SHERMAN, participating in the battles of Murfreesborough or Stone River (where he was Brigadier-General of Volunteers), Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and then in the Atlanta campaign, the March to the Sea, and the campaign from Savannah to Raleigh, including the battle of Bartonville. His most conspicuous achievement was the assault and capture of Fort McAllister, near Savannah. He was made Major-General of Volunteers, and Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular army, to date from this last action, while brevets for Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Major-General in the regular service were given to him for services respectively at Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and in the war as a whole.

In the reorganization of the regular army General HAZEN was made Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Infantry, and afterward of the Sixth; and at the close of 1880 he was appointed Chief Signal Officer. His commission as Major-General of Volunteers was "for long and continued service of the highest character, and for special gallantry and service at Fort McAllister."

During his half-dozen years of service at the head of the Signal Corps General HAZEN became very widely known to the country through the Weather Bureau service. He was involved in many controversies through his efforts to enlarge the scope and importance of his bureau.



THE ICE-PLOUGH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. M. BIDWELL.

CUTTING ICE ON THE HUDSON.

The first work of the Hudson River ice-gatherer is to fence in his claim. The best ice is that which forms over the deepest water, and where the ice-houses are close together there is brisk competition. Sometimes the fencing is done with the assistance of boards or a boat while the ice is still barely strong enough to support the weight of a man. Maybe a month elapses between the time when the fencing is done and the time when the ice is first thick enough to cut. The fencing consists of evergreen boughs set in holes made with a crowbar. The size of the enclosure depends upon the size of the ice-house.

When the ice is ten inches thick a gang of men go out with horses to scrape off the snow and to run the ice-plough over the field. The plough cuts the ice one-third of the way through, marking it off in blocks of twenty-four by thirty inches. While these men are so employed, another gang busy themselves in cutting what are called the canals. One canal, twenty-five feet wide, is cut parallel with the front of the ice-house, and one hundred feet from it. From this are cut on one side as many small canals as the ice-house has doors. The small canals run to the inclines or the elevators, with which the doors are provided. On the other side of the big canal is cut a single long canal, which runs from it straight out to the ice-field. This is called the main canal, and it is sometimes a mile in length. In cold nights men are employed to keep a block of ice moving back and forth along it to prevent the water from freezing.

After the canals are cut and the work of the ice-plough is completed, the saw gang go forth. They finish the work of the plough along the lines running in one direction, cutting off long slabs of ice, which are drawn through the main canal by horses or pushed through with pike poles. At the end of the main canal the slabs pass under a bridge, upon which are stationed three or four men with cutting-bars. These men break the slabs into smaller sections, deftly striking their irons into the cuts made by the ice-plough, and cracking the ice through. Other men, stationed about the cross canal and the small canals, direct these smaller sections of ice to the foot of the incline, where other men with cutting-bars crack the ice finally into such blocks as are usually seen in the ice-carts in the city. An endless chain, run by steam, carries the blocks of ice to the top of the incline, whence they are shot along other inclines into the house, where men with six-foot pikes switch them hither and thither with astonishing ease and celerity, and cause them to deposit themselves precisely where they are wanted.

Some of the Hudson River ice-houses hold sixty thousand tons of ice, and one of them has a capacity of eighty thousand tons. The large houses employ from two hundred to three hundred men each for upward of a month every year, paying them a dollar and a half and two dollars a day. These men who gather and store the ice crop are farm hands in the summer season. The cost of cutting and storing ice is from twenty-five to thirty cents a ton. Of the quantity put into an ice-house, however, one-third is lost by melting and breakage. The first two layers, which are expected to melt away, are made up of the inferior ice cut out of the canals. The cost of delivering ice in New York is reckoned at about one dollar a ton,

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

It is not in the way of these papers on the industrial and the educational development of the South to go back to the war, or to reconstruction, or to the local conflicts of races for political ascendency. It is proper to say a word, however, of Danville, which had such notoriety as the scene of the riot in November, 1883. While the town was practically under negro rule it was not prosperous. The riot, no doubt, grew out of restlessness under this rule; but it was precipitated, so far as we can learn, by white "hoodlums," young men from the country who were at work in the tobacco factories. The result of the riot was to change the city government, to hand it over to the whites, and at the next election the Democratic party elected all its candidates. It is also true that in the restoration to control of the citizens who owned the most property and have the most intelligence the business of Danville revived, and the town has since been unchecked in its career of prosperity. Capital has come in, population has increased, old industries have revived, and new ones been projected; in small houses for workmen, in handsome private residences, and in public buildings great progress is shown; the city departments are better organized and managed, and the educational facilities are improved. There seems to be a good feeling between the employers and the employed, and a great subsidence of bitter race feeling, though no one can pretend that the colored men of intelligence, who have acquired some property and heretofore enjoyed some measure of authority, like to be considered "inferiors." It should be added that in the Congressional election of 1886 in the Danville district the Democratic member, who had sat for twelve years, was defeated, and the Republican candidate elected.

According to the enumeration of 1880, the number of white children of school age was 929, and of colored, 1194. In the last session of 1885 the number of children enrolled as in attendance in the public schools was—white, 536; colored, 749. The white teachers numbered thirteen, the colored eleven. This shows a large proportion of children out of school. In the case of the whites, probably many of them are in the excellent private schools of the city; whether the colored children are kept away on account of indifference, or because they are at work, I do not know. Since the colored people have as yet nowhere been able to establish private schools, and the education of their children is imperatively necessary, and must be had in the public schools, Danville may be obliged to make education compulsory, and also to add the industrial feature to the common schools.

It is to be noted of Danville, as of other Virginia cities, that a large proportion of the names prominent in the business and educational enterprises are historic—names long identified with public affairs and private enterprise. It is also to be noted that the local development and prosperity are due to co-operation, to associated effort to foster individual interests, and to advertise to the world the advantages of Danville. The city has a vigorous and wide-awake organization in its Chamber of Commerce, a Tobacco Association, a Tobacco Manufacturers' Board, and a Tobacco Warehouse Board. These organizations work together for increasing the business facilities of the place and for enlarging its trade, inducing the inflow of capital and population, and making it a desirable place of residence. This sort of local public spirit is sure to build up any place which has the natural advantages of Danville. The world is fully informed of its inducements in an illustrated volume wherein is concisely set forth its history, and the present condition of its business, manufactures, and commerce.

Charles Dudley Warner.

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

In "south-side" Virginia, close to the North Carolina line, on a pleasant hill-side that rises gently from the south bank of the river Dan, and spreading over the broken plateau beyond, is the breezy, healthful, and busy little city of Danville. As the metropolis of the "bright" tobacco belt, and the largest market in the world for the handling of the golden-hued leaves so highly prized by consumers of the "soothing weed," the commercial importance of its position is at once apparent. Although it is a city of something less than 15,000 inhabitants, it contains over a hundred large brick warehouses and factories devoted to the handling and manufacture of tobacco. This business attained a volume in 1885 of nearly $8,000,000, and most of it has been built up since the war; though that there was a tobacco business in Danville before that date was forcibly impressed upon thousands of Federal prisoners who were confined within the walls of five of its great tobacco warehouses, one of which is still standing.

Danville, of course, takes its name from the beautiful river that foams and tumbles at its feet with the exuberant energy of two thousand horse-power; and the Dan is an enduring monument to the memory of sturdy Dan Bannister, who in 1728 was an assistant to Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, in his survey of the country that it waters. This same Colonel Byrd, in his quaint and now almost forgotten *Westover Manuscripts*, relates the following anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh's introduction of tobacco to his countrywomen: "And this being the first that ever came to England, Sir Walter thought he could do no less than make a present of some of the brightest of it to his royal mistress for her own smoking. The Queen graciously accepted of it; but finding her stomach sicken after two or three whiffs, it was presently whispered by the Earl of Leicester's faction that Sir Walter had certainly poisoned her. But her Majesty, soon recovering her disorder, obliged the Countess of Nottingham and all her maids to smoke a whole pipe out amongst them." After this it is no wonder that English women to this day despise tobacco.

For his services on the survey of this part of the country Colonel Byrd was granted 2500 acres of land, to be selected by himself. He chose a tract bordering on the Dan River, a few miles above its falls, where the city of Danville now stands. This he named "the Land of Eden," on account of its exceeding beauty, fertility, and the salubrity of its climate, and of it he says in his diary, "Happy will be the people destined to dwell in this wholesome situation, where they may live to fulness of days, and, which is much better still, with much content and gayety of heart."

The location of the present city was determined by the falls of the river, which render available its magnificent water-power, and by the excellent ford existing just below them. For many years prior to and after the Revolution the place was known as Wynn's Ford. The power from these falls is now transmitted through a fine canal to the mills and factories on the south side of the river, and a similar work is about to be undertaken on the north side, where a flourishing suburb, called North Danville, has sprung into existence within three years. The practical value of the old ford has been lost through the erection of four bridges—two for railways, and two for teams and foot-passengers. Another, a fine iron roadway bridge, to take the place of one of the old wooden structures, is now being built by the city, at a cost of $60,000.

The city is already connected with the outside world by three railroads, and several others are contemplated. The influence of these and of its ever-growing tobacco industries is shown in the rapid increase of its population and wealth. While in 1870 it contained but about 3000 inhabitants, the last census gives it more than four times that number, and the increase in the value of taxable real and personal property during the same period has been from less than one to more than eight millions of dollars. The annual sales of tobacco within fifteen years have increased from ten to forty-one millions of pounds, and while in 1867 one warehouse furnished ample space for the transaction of this business, the ten immense establishments of to-day are hardly sufficient to accommodate it. Frequently during the busy season the daily sales are conducted in two of these markets at the same time. The leaf tobacco is ranged in piles on the warehouse floor, with just space for the buyers to stand between them; the sale is announced by the musical blowing of immensely long tin horns, and they are conducted by auctioneers who dispose of pile after pile, at so much per pound, with marvellous rapidity, the average rate being one hundred and fifty piles per hour. Within five minutes after his lot has been knocked down to the highest bidder, the planter who has brought it into town has received his check from the warehouse-man, and departed with it to the bank.

Besides tobacco warehouses and factories for the manufacture of plug tobacco, Danville supports a cigarette factory, in which many thousands of cigarettes are made daily. Down by the river are the large cotton-mills, the "Riverside" and the "Morotock," the first of which makes a specialty of plaid goods, and the second of plain white sheetings, etc. They represent a capital of over half a million of dollars, and give employment to about six hundred operatives. The annual product of these mills is very nearly nine million yards of manufactured goods, valued at $525,000.

While the wide-awake young men into whose hands the government and the business interests of the city have fallen are attending to these with a singleness of purpose and indomitable energy, the educational and spiritual requirements of the community are by no means neglected. In its graded public schools more than a thousand children, white and colored—the latter under the supervision of teachers of their own race—are provided with all modern educational facilities. Here also are located the Roanoke Female College and the Danville College for Young Ladies, both of which have a well-earned and wide-spread reputation throughout the South, and several smaller private schools for boys. The score of churches that adorn the city are monuments to the religious sentiment of the place, and many of them are handsome specimens of modern ecclesiastical architecture.

Although no battles were fought in the vicinity of Danville during the civil war, the city is rich in memories of that time. Here was a prison for Federal soldiers, and here is one of the beautiful and carefully tended national cemeteries, of which the South contains so many. Here, too, was issued Jefferson Davis's last proclamation as President of the Confederate States, of which Danville was the last capital. The house in which the last official business of the Confederacy was transacted still stands in Danville, and the table on which the last proclamation of its President was written may still be seen in the house of Major Sutherlin by those interested in such relics. The memory of those days still lingers, but without rancor or bitterness. In the busy little city of to-day a healthful public sentiment extends a cordial welcome to energy, industry, and capital, from any and every section of the country, from the North as well as the South; and to all of these it promises rich rewards.

Kirk Munroe.

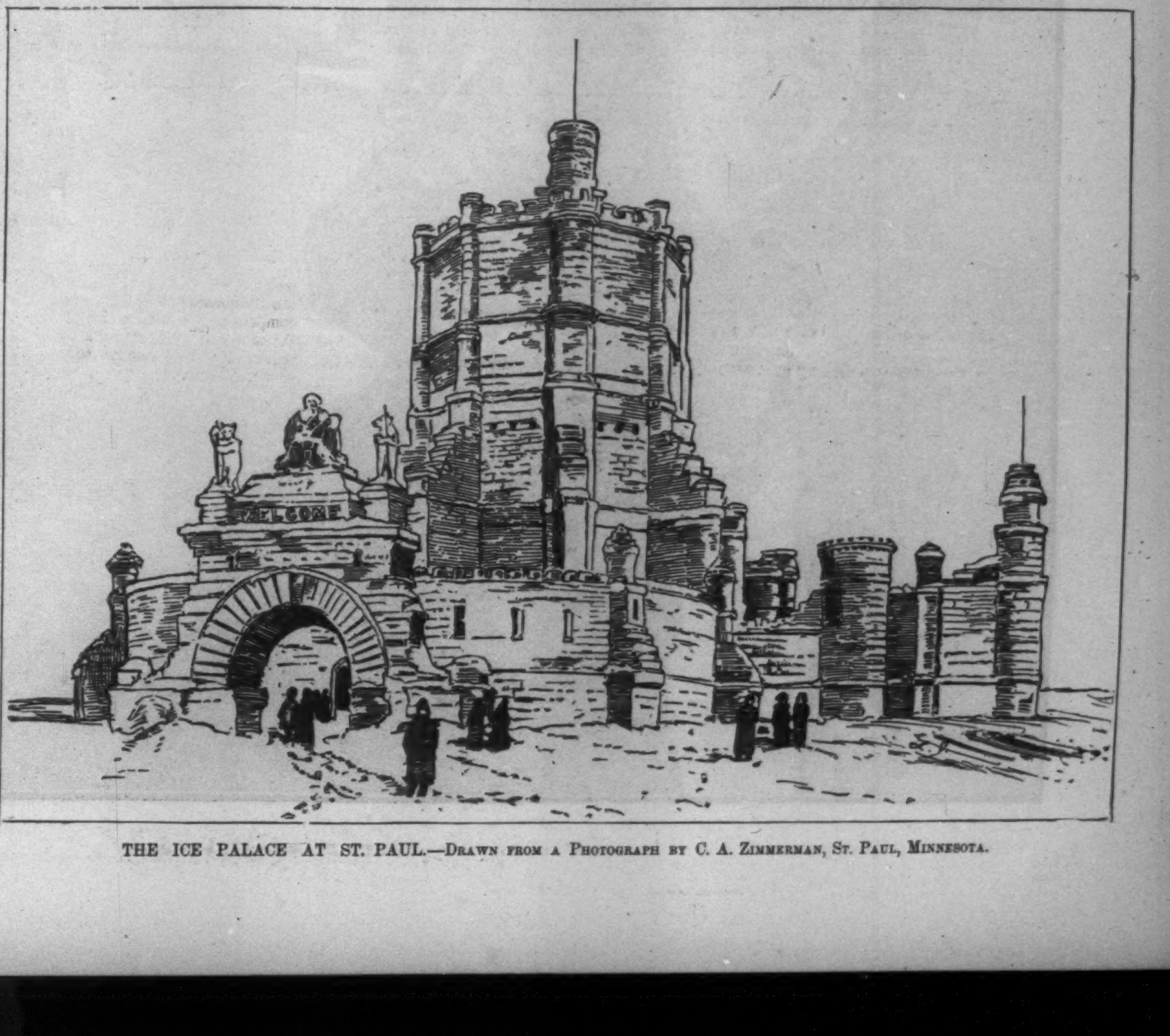
THE BATHS OF MONTEREY.

Monterey, the old capital of California, has begun its third historical cycle within a recent period. The old Spanish town is easily remembered by men still living; the mongrel straggling village on the sand, inhabited by Mexicans, Indians, Americans, and Chinese, was the Monterey of only a few years ago; and now fashionable people of the Pacific slope and travellers from all parts of the world know it as one of the most luxurious pleasure resorts on our continent, or on any continent. The climate is perfect, and the sea most attractive. No less keen an observer than Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has written of the bay of Monterey: "The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm sunny weather, such a spectacle of ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing color, or such degrees of thunder in sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep."

On such a historical spot, in such a climate, and by such a sea, drives have been laid out fit for the chariots of the gods; there are flower-gardens where plants of some variety bloom all the year; and the desperate effort to achieve the comfortable which the builders of modern hotels make has been as successful at Monterey as anywhere on our long coast line. Fashion and the fabulous wealth of the Californians have lent their aid to make it an ideal home for invalids and pleasure-seekers; but the place is also as democratic a resort as it is fashionable. Among the most noteworthy preparations for health and pleasure there are the baths, which, without any fabulous medicinal quality whatever, have become as famous as baths that heal. In the great bathing-house there are three large compartments or tanks—if so commonplace a name may be given to such luxurious things as they are—which are covered over with glass to admit light and sunshine. Into these compartments sea-water is pumped, so that it is really only still-water bathing. But about the walls which separate one tank from another there is a forest or a wilderness of tropical plants. Round about them are seats wherefrom people observe the bathers jumping in from one side from spring-boards, shooting down from another side as toboggan-riders do, or walking or lounging along the walls in gaudy bathing costumes, or swimming under the branches and leaves and flowers of the tropical vegetation. The bathing slide is a novelty, and ought to be called "the Monterey." An incline covered with slippery oil-cloth projects downward and outward from a platform up to which steps lead. The bather lies down on the incline with his head toward the water. A gentle push starts him, as a toboggan is started. His speed becomes greater with astonishing rapidity, and in a second or two a ripple on the water is all that is visible. It is a delightful sensation to shoot one's self thus down with the greatest swiftness and without danger, combining a slide and a dive in a single experience. When one comes again to the surface to enjoy swimming, one is greeted by the sunlight and gentle atmosphere of southern California streaming through the glass, and loaded with the perfume of flowers from a garden of hanging baskets above.

THE ST. PAUL "ICE CARNIVAL."

Having last winter successfully established the Ice King in an ice palace worthy of the occasion, and having apparently enjoyed his brief but merry midwinter reign, the people of St. Paul, Minnesota, have again called King Borealis to the throne, and a palace even more magnificent than that of last year stands at the head of Summit Avenue in that city. St. Paul seems in every way adapted to the construction of enduring ice castles. The thermometer on the evening of the formal and splendid opening of the Ice Carnival, so called, on Tuesday of last week, registered fifteen degrees below zero—a temperature which would seem to convert blocks of ice into as excellent building material as could be desired. The palace covers 42,000 square feet of territory in the chief public park of St. Paul. It is built in the shape of a Latin cross, and is lighted by eighty-one arc electric lights, while the outlying grounds are made bright by over a hundred electric lights, sheltered in globes of colored glass. The main tower of the castle rises to a height of 135 feet. The word "Welcome" is carved in the archway over the main entrance to the castle, or palace, as it is generally called. King Borealis sits in grand and silent state, attended on either side by a polar bear. In the centre court of the palace stands a buffalo, eight feet high, on an icy pedestal. The entrance to the palace grounds is through handsome arched gateways of ice. Directly in front of the central gateway is a musk-ox, carved in ice, twenty feet high. The space within the castle grounds is devoted chiefly to curling and skating rinks, although there are many other attractions. A toboggan slide has been built at the southwest end of the park, and on the east side of the grounds is an encampment of Sioux Indians, who are lodged in tepees, and over whom grim old Chief Walk-on-Stone presides with dignity. Among the features of the Carnival have been snow-shoe races, and the storming and defence of the castle by rival armies of snow-shoers and tobogganers.



THE ICE PALACE AT ST. PAUL.—Drawn from a Photograph by C. A. Zimmerman, St. Paul, Minnesota.

LEAVING THE OPERA.

A.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

ZEKE WAXCOMB'S WILL.

A SKETCH OF FARM LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

By ROSEWELL PAGE.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."—Gray.

I.

At the county court-house where Patrick Henry, in the morning of his fame, spoke in the celebrated "Parson's Cause," and Henry Clay, years afterward, in the zenith of his greatness, addressed as "friends and descendants of my friends" a vast audience assembled to hear him speak upon his native soil, the "Property Book" and "Land Book" marked 1858 still show that the reputation which Ezekiel Waxcomb then enjoyed of being among the thriftiest men in the county was not without foundation.

Belonging to a class that incurred no expense by entertaining company, giving dinner parties, or following many of the fashions which his more pretentious neighbors were obliged to adopt, his door was ever open and his table always ready to welcome any acquaintance who would take "potluck," as he called his bountiful and well-prepared meals.

The mutton that had a range of two thousand acres at "The Pond," the home of the richest man in the county, was never as fine as his; and it took the largest silver dish in the sideboard of that handsome old place to hold "the saddle" occasionally sent to the lady of the house with the compliments of Ezekiel Waxcomb. Nor were "these offices of tender courtesy" unreciprocated, for when there was anything specially good at The Pond, Waxcomb often received some such substantial reminder of the esteem in which he was held by his neighbor as a dozen bottles of the champagne recently imported, or a barrel of the finest oysters just received in the shell from Lynnhaven Bay.

Upon this county had depended the fate of the district in the recent election, and even here the vote had been close enough to make the contest unusually exciting. Waxcomb had done much to carry the day for his party, thereby helping to save the country, as the politicians belonging to that party insisted, and as many of the simple-minded voters, who trusted implicitly in what these politicians asserted, firmly believed.

For several days, in fact ever since the election, Ezekiel had been planning a trip to The Pond, to congratulate "the madam" on her husband's election. He remembered with pride the estimation in which he was there held at all times, and felt as he rode up the long elm-shaded avenue, at the further end of which the house could be seen, that he might now expect even a more cordial welcome than usual.

To his surprise the family were just sitting down to dinner, and the excuse that he had dined three hours before was of no avail. Ezekiel, however, soon found himself as much at home at the Whig member's table as the two boys opposite him had been the morning before at his, where they had breakfasted after chasing an "old gray" for two hours.

His congratulations were delivered in a way that bespoke sincerity, and the lady of the house, as she helped the soup from the great tureen at the head of the table, in acknowledgment said: "Ah, Mr. Waxcomb, the country would be in no danger if all men were as patriotic as you are."

"Yo' better sey, ef all wimen war like the Curnel's wife," was the hearty reply, which called forth from the foot of the table the enthusiastic exclamation, "A gallant speech, I declare, and a true one too!"

The slight flush upon the lady's cheek as she acknowledged the compliment paid her was not unnoticed by the last speaker, for his eyes delighted to rest upon her lovely face and catch the varying expression of her charming countenance. Seventeen years before, he had won her heart, over competitors whose chagrin at losing the prize they so much sought had been heightened by the fact that the beautiful girl was marrying, as they said, a man old enough for her father. And his admiration for her had increased with each succeeding year.

"I tell you, marm," said Waxcomb, changing the subject of conversation, though speaking upon one of equal interest to the party addressed, "I nuver seen boys ride no better'n them yaller-headed ones thar. They sets a colt same's a hoss-fly. The way they come 'cross them ditches down thar, yistiddy mornin', in the Rug Swamp low grounds, fyair made my hyair stan' on een."

Of course Harry and Richard heard with delight this tribute to their horsemanship; though, considering the respect usually entertained for their mother's opinion, they seemed rather indifferent to her deprecating remarks about reckless riding.

The venerable dining-room servant removed the soup plates, and Waxcomb went on: "When I seen the fox mekin' for the eight-foot canel, whar it's bin lately ditched out, and then seen ole Rambler (he's that yaller houn', Curnel, ez hel' out them three days han' gwine, an' come in in the lead ev'ry time, when yo' had them gentl'men down hyar from Clarke, an' one on 'em offered me his black myar fer 'im, an' I wouldn' git shet of 'im ev'n fer the myar—yo' sey yo' do? I thought yo'd 'member him). Waal, s'r, that dawg war jes in the lead, grabbin' fer 'im; an' I sez to myse'f, I hope y'all 'ill ketch that thar varmint 'pon this side. An' ef yo' b'lieves me, I hadn' mo' 'an said it 'fore I seen dawgs, fox, an' all mixed up togeth'r on t'other side the crick. An' firs' thing I knowed I war shettin' my eyes, 'cuz hyar come them two boys settin' over thar lookin' so meek, tyarin' down neck an' neck tow'ds the canel, so close togeth'r ez one blankit ud 'a kivered 'em both!"

A troubled expression overcast the lady's face as she remembered the chase from which her poor brother had been brought home lifeless, and the speaker made haste to explain: "I nuver kep' 'em shet long, though, marm; an' when I did open 'em, thar they war, both on 'em, right up 'mong the dawgs, got hol' the fox."

"Each one claiming the brush, I suppose?" said the boys' father, as he cut through a handsome sirloin, from which the red gravy flowed.

"Egsackly so; an', s'r, I actu'ly had to mek 'em draw straws 'fo' I could settle who got thar firs'—an' I reckon he knows who got the shortes' straw. Don't he, Rich'd?"

The last remark, significantly addressed to the younger of the boys, was made just as Ezekiel's well-filled plate returned, and he began at once to test the reputation of Old Nat, The Pond cook, who had long been considered the best authority upon culinary matters in the neighborhood. It was this important personage who delighted to tell, whenever he could get a listener that he considered worthy of the information, how "Marse Henry Clay sey—time he an' Marse Minor Botts took dinner heah—'twuz de bes' cooked vittles he ever eat in Kainturky or Wash-in'n."

As Waxcomb sat at the table, dressed in a brindle-colored homespun suit, with a wide unbleached shirt collar turned down over his coat, he might well have been selected as the type of a class often seen in eastern Virginia. His muscular frame and tanned complexion seemed to indicate that good health which is usually the result of active out-of-door exercise. The large, well-shaped head, now somewhat bald, gave evidence of that for which he was pre-eminently remarkable—good sense—while the wide, strongly marked mouth, and the rugged lines of a face that looked as if it might have belonged to a sailor that had breasted many a storm, marked their owner as a man of obstinate will and unquestionable pluck.

"Zeke" was fifty-two years old, though he hardly looked it. He had once been a wild, reckless fellow, and it was as much a matter of surprise in the community that old Parson Brown should have allowed his only daughter to marry him as it was to see one whom many considered completely ruined by liquor and other excesses become in a few years one of the steadiest and most exemplary men in the neighborhood. The same determination which would probably have made him master of Ellen Brown, even against her father's consent, enabled him to overcome his own bad habits. To his young wife, however, was due much of the credit of this reformation, for she brought to his home a character decided enough to influence her husband in the right direction, and an industry that was alike pleasing and profitable to him. Indeed, such an effect had this little woman upon her husband's life that when, five years after their marriage, she died, leaving him two sons, Zachary Taylor and George Washington, aged respectively four and three years, Waxcomb had returned from her funeral determined to live steadily and bring up his children as his wife would have wished.

To this end he got a female relation of his wife to come to his house and look after the wants of the boys, who were then at the age to require a woman's care. He did not, however, on this account, neglect them. And as soon as they were large enough they became his constant companions on the farm. Before they were able to ride alone it was his custom to take the little fellows on horseback with him, the younger riding before and the elder behind. Wherever Ezekiel went, whether to court-house, mill, or meeting-house, they generally accompanied him, and it was a matter of comment how inseparable the three were.

Some of the females of the neighborhood wondered that Waxcomb never married again, as he was but thirty-five years old when his wife died; Others, who predicted that he would marry his wife's relation who lived with him, saw these calculations fail, when, after living thus for several years, she married a young farmer whose land joined that of Waxcomb.

Ezekiel said, when told of the approaching wedding, "John, I'm mighty sorry to give her up, but I'm glad it's you that's a-gittin' her, an' that she'll be so near the boys, 'cuz she's the bes' 'oman I ever seen but one, an' that one's dead."

John highly appreciated this compliment to his intended wife; though the compliment which placed her above living women did not give him as much satisfaction as to know that Waxcomb agreed to the marriage. Ezekiel insisted that the wedding should take place at his house; and indeed it was a memorable occasion. All the neighbors were invited, and very many of them were present. The host seemed to have laid aside the care that had so long sat upon his countenance, and actually got out his old fiddle and tuned it up, to add to the enjoyment of the party. Such playing! Many of those present declared they had never heard the like before. "The Arkansas Traveller," "The Mississippi Sawyer," "Leather Breeches," and similar pieces were played; and when encored, played over and over again.

After the wedding there was no female left in the Waxcomb household, and the bond of union between the father and sons grew daily stronger. The feeling between them was rather like that existing between persons of the same age than like the relationship usually found between parent and child.

The boys had no plan that was not discussed with him before it was put into execution, and he often talked to them about his most important farming operations. He taught them to set "springs" and "gums" for rabbits, to build "blinds" for wild turkeys, as well as how to "yelp" the birds within range of their unerring rifles. And before the younger of the boys was ten years old he could tell on sight whether the track was that of "a gray" or "a red," how long it would be before "ole bushy" would double, and where he would be most likely to cross the ridge between the rivers.

Their father never encouraged them in idleness. As small children it had been their delight to ride to and from the field the team which he used; and as soon as they were large enough to hold the plough-handles both boys were anxious to try their hand. In this Waxcomb encouraged them, and was gratified to find how skilfully in a short time each was able to manage a double team.

From the time his sons were large enough to work, the farmer began to prosper as he had never done before. As his crops increased, he judiciously invested the proceeds in enlarging his acreage, fertilizing the soil, and improving the stock upon his farm.

About a year before Ezekiel's visit at The Pond, he had been to see his lawyer about examining the title to some land that he wanted to buy next to his farm. Before leaving he had told Mr. Carter he wanted his will written, leaving everything to his boys equally, except a thousand dollars which was to go to John Stone's wife "for the kyar she had given his wife's chil-d'en." The lawyer told him that, so far as the boys were concerned, the law made the very disposition of his property that he wanted, and that the best thing to do would be to give Mrs. Stone the money while he was alive. Waxcomb had replied: "She sha'n' nuver want fer nothin' while I'm livin'; but life's mighty unsartin, an' I has a dreadful palpitatin' 'bout my heart sometimes. I had it while I was ridin' over hyar, an' that's how come I to think 'bout any will. An', too, I wants that 'oman to have some'in' to 'member me by when I'm gone; so yo' jes draw the paper, an' mek yo'self the zecutor."

Any serious disagreement between Waxcomb and his sons had never been thought of. Their most important disputes at one period had been whether "ole Nina's" colt could outrun "ole Flora's"; whether "a fly" was better than "live bait," or whether "Number 6" was better than "Number 8" to shoot at partridges after Christmas. As the boys grew older, though the subjects upon which they differed changed, their differences were never more serious than those already mentioned.

Such was Ezekiel Waxcomb's family history as he sat through what seemed to him an unending meal. The time passed pleasantly for him, however, as he was put entirely at his ease, and was not the less respected for failing to observe those rules which forbid food being eaten with the knife, or the use of the table-cloth for that of a napkin.

"I saw your eldest son walking with a mighty pretty girl last Sunday, Mr. Waxcomb. I suppose you are soon to have a daughter-in-law?"

"No, 'm; I reckon not," answered Ezekiel, as he restored to the saucer a small delicate cup from which he had drained some excellent coffee. "The gal that gits one o' them boys is got to be a monstrous fine 'oman, an' she's got to please three befo' she kin git one."

"That's too much to expect of any woman, Zeke," said the host, with a smile.

"Don't you believe it, Mr. Waxcomb. I'm the living illustration of a woman that has to please three men," rejoined the lady of the house, pleasantly, as she pushed her chair back, and the party rose from the table, though Ezekiel's remark was not lost as he said, "I don' 'low yo' finds it so mighty hard to please 'em, Misses Kath'en."

The farmer declined a cigar that was offered him, and drew out a short-stemmed pipe, which he proceeded to fill from a handful of "loose tobacco" raked out of his coat-tail pocket. "I nuver seen nothin' yit outsmoke a clay pipe an' new-groun' terbacker," he remarked, good-naturedly, as he took up a coal of fire in the tongs and placed it on his pipe.

The Pond stables were the pride of the neighborhood as well as of their owner. Next to his wife and boys he valued his horses. Like many of the wealthy Virginians, he spent a good part of his income in filling his stables with the choicest stock, and in maintaining them in the best possible manner. The horses which he and his sons rode, as well as those driven to his wife's carriage, would have been found, had one been curious to trace their pedigree, nearly related to some of the favorites of the turf whose names are as well known as are those of the most distinguished statesmen of the country.

"Ef that thar stud colt ain' nigh kin to Planet," said Waxcomb, as he walked with his host and the two boys toward an enclosed grass lot, and pointed out a handsome "two-year-old" quietly grazing with six or eight others, "then I've done fergot the looks of the 'red horse of the slashes.'"

The colts, which seemed to recognize that they were on exhibition, as soon as they heard the sound of voices lifted their heads and galloped toward the high fence where they were in the habit of being "salted."

Resting his arms upon the top of the plank fence, Ezekiel uttered one or two exclamations of admiration at the movement of the young horse that he first remarked on, and then continued: "But I ain' likely to have fergot him neither, 'cuz I won fifty dollar on him oncet. I tell yo', s'r, I hadn' bet befo' fer fifteen year, an' I had no idee o' doin' it then. But thar come roun' one o' these fellers braggin' 'bout a hoss as come from New York, seyin' he'd bet fifty dollars to twenty-five 'g'inst the sorrel. I nuver had seen his hoss run; but yo' know I had no notion o' bein' backed down in no sech a fashion. An' so, while ev'rybody war stan'in' roun' kinder feard to tek him up, 'cuz his hoss war a firs'-rate one—ez I foun' out when I seen him come in with his head up to the sorrel's shoulder—I steps up, an' sez I, 'Stranger, I'll tek that bet, ef 't's fer nothin' else but 'cuz the sorrel come from my county.'

"Ez I war puttin' the money in my pocket," he went on, with a very significant gesture of his right hand, and with something of a nasal twang in his voice, intended in imitation of the New York sporting man, "the gentl'man 'lowed, 'I didn' guess yo' all had no sech a horrce ez that in Ferginny,' an' he seemed raaly might'ly s'prised when I tole him we had plenty mo' jes like him up in my neighborhood."

It is uncertain whether the recollection of his successful bet or the facetiousness of his last remark caused Ezekiel's hearty laugh; but the two boys, who looked on him as an oracle of wisdom in all that pertained to horses and dogs, laughed with him, as the best way to show their appreciation of what their hero had related.

"You are right, Zeke," said the owner of the colt, who had been much interested in his neighbor's account of the race, which he himself had witnessed. "This is a Planet colt"—here the speaker patted the blazed nose extended over the fence; "and since you had such an admiration for 'the sorrel,' and were patriotic enough to back him for his county, I think you will be a good hand with whom to intrust his son."

As Waxcomb started home, leading a splendid colt, the dusk of the evening was approaching. The crimson glow that had succeeded the sunset soon began to give place to a graver hue, and silver was substituted for gold in the coloring of the western sky. Here a partridge whistled to collect the remnant of its brood, which had been scattered by the hunters, and allowed the rider to come nearly opposite it before it flew, with whirring sound, from the fence upon the road-side. Occasionally a thrush or ground-sparrow that had settled itself for the night fluttered out from the tangled hedge-row, while now and then there would dart across the road a squirrel, that would hardly have been noticed but for the way the young horse would start at the rustling made in the fallen leaves by the little animal in its efforts to reach the familiar hollow.

Ezekiel thought over his visit, and was puzzled to know who the girl could be that had been seen the Sunday before with Zack. After riding some distance, and thinking over the names of all the young women of his acquaintance, he determined that the only way to settle the matter would be to ask his son about it when he got home.

What surprised him most was the length of time devoted to dining. He had just determined, as he rode up to the gate in front of his house, "I wouldn' give this place for The Pon', ef I had to set that long at dinner ev'ry day," when the colt that he was leading made a violent start, and jerked loose from his hand.

"Is that yo', Wash?" as a man stepped up quietly and caught the halter, before the young horse that stood with stretched eyes and pointed ears knew that it was free.

"Yass, sir. Ho-o, boy! Steady, baby! I wuz jes lookin' out fer yo'. Yo' staid mighty late. I wuz might'ly in hopes yo'd 'a got back sooner."

Ezekiel failed to notice anything unusual in the way his son spoke, and answered, as the gate was opened, "Couldn' git back no sooner; I don' b'lieve they knows the diff'ence between dinner-time an' supper-time at The Pon'; an' yo' know a colt don' lead the bes', no ways."

"It do 'pear lak he's a leetle skittish. But's a good colt yo's bin buyin'."

"I 'ain' bin *buyin'* no colt," said the rider as he dismounted and began to unbuckle the girth of his saddle. "That's a present; an' I tell yo' what, 'twar the bes' colt in The Pon' pastur', too, sho's yo' born!"

As the men were putting the horses away, the elder remarked: "Yo' nuver seen Planet, did yo'? But yo've hearn of 'im? He's this colt's daddy. I seen 'im run one time at Fyarfiel', when he led the row, an' brung back to Bullfiel' a pile o' gold big enough to fill this hyar peck measure."

As the oats were poured into the trough, Wash said, in a very conciliatory tone, to the young horse, "Haw-o-h, baby!" while Ezekiel, who hardly noticed the interruption, continued: "An' that thar colt yo' air tyin' is so much lak 'im ez one year o' corn air lak another. What's I gwine name him? Hi! Didn' I tell yo'? He's named 'fo' I got 'im—Henry Clay, after the gre't man whar made the Whig party, which me an' you an' Zack b'longs to. Now Clay's the bigges' man, and Planet's the bigges' hoss, ever born in this county. So it 'pears lak, with sech a name an' sech blood, this oughter turn out a mighty fine animil."

The stable door was properly fastened, and the men started to the house. They stopped, however, at the well, that the elder, who had said he was thirsty, might drink. The primitive arrangement with which Wash proceeded to draw the water was one of the few of its kind left from an earlier generation. A bucket attached by a chain to a white-oak pole as long as the depth of the well swung from the end of a great beam. When the bucket was empty, the other end of this beam rested upon the ground, being weighted for that purpose, while the middle, supported by an upright post, worked upon a pivot, and was so adjusted as to be evenly balanced when the bucket was full. Such was the old-fashioned "sweep" that stood in past years at nearly every well in this community, and looked at a distance like a giant's fishing-rod and tackle, with some great water animal attached to it.

The dripping bucket had reached the top of the well. Ezekiel caught hold of it, and was just tilting it to drink. "Whar's Zack?" he asked, casually.

"That's what I wuz a-waitin' fer yo' 'bout leetle while ago. I wanted to see yo' 'bout Zack."

"What's the matter? Thar ain' nuthin' happened to the boy, is thar? He ain' sick, ner got hu't sence I lef' hyar, is he? I tole Zack jes 'fo' I lef' to be keerful 'bout breckin' them steers."

The young man made no reply, and his father exclaimed, impatiently, as the bucket swung out of his hand and dashed heavily against the corner of the fence: "Name o' God! whyn't yo' speak, Wash? That boy may be dyin' while yo' stan'in' hyar quiet ez a bump on a log, an' seyin' nothin'."

"He ain' got hu't; but wusser'n that: he's got married."

"Got married! Yo've done lost yo' senses sho'. Who yo' reckon gwine have Zack 'thout axin' me?"

"That gal o' Tim Wills's whar Zack got out the river when the boat upsot at the Pike-hole ford."

"Wills's gal? Tim Wills's gal? That ain' so. I don' speak to that rarscol, an' Zack knows it."

"Yass, s'r. But Zack's bin speakin' to his gal a long time—so he tole me jes 'fo' he lef'—an' I tole 'im to wait tell yo' wuz hyar, an' see yo' 'bout it; but he 'lowed ez he knowed yo' nuver would be willin' to his havin' the gal, an' bein's he'd promised to marry her, he had to do it this evenin'."

"He shar'n' have her! He shar'n' have her, ef she war the onlyes' 'oman in the world!" exclaimed Ezekiel, starting back toward the stable. "I'll git my hoss an' ride over thar an' stop 'im, ef he's stan'in' 'fo' the parson an' I have to tie 'im an' bring 'im away!"

"'Tain' no use to go. They 'uz married 'bout fo' 'clock; an' it's all over now."

The sad tone in which his son spoke seemed to convince Waxcomb that he could do nothing. As he turned back toward the house his feelings found expression.

"To think of his treatin' me so! That he should 'a dyared to disgrace a good name, an' struck his mammy's mimory sech a blow, marryin' the darter o' sech a man! She stealin' my son off jes lak her daddy stolt sheep from the Curnel's pastur'! I wush she'd 'a drownded when she got in the river, an' he with her, 'fo' he ever married her! He shar'n' nuver put his foot on this plantation agin! Le' 'im tek her to live with her daddy, an' l'arn from him how a hones' man's son ez marries a rogue's darter kin mek a livin'." And uttering a curse, Ezekiel entered the house.

Supper was announced, and was eaten in silence. The face of Wash Waxcomb showed the evidence of deep sorrow, while the swollen veins in the temples of his father indicated clearly the passionate emotions raging in his bosom.

That night was the saddest the house had ever known since the death of its mistress; and Wash, who had failed in his efforts to turn his father's thoughts away from his troubles, went to bed and left him sitting, as he had done most of the evening, gazing into the fire. The young man's slumber was not sound; for even in his dreams the absence of his brother oppressed him. He seemed to live over the scenes of his past life. Once more he is with Zack in the deep of the forest, and is standing at the foot of a great tree around which the dogs are barking furiously. The 'coon is at last treed. His brother is standing by, and holds the flaming torch, while he prepares to cut down the tree with the axe that he carries.

A light flashed across his face and awoke him. He saw his father, holding a tallow candle in his hand, go to the locked cupboard in which were kept his valuable papers and whatever writing materials were in the house, and open it; while without, two old hounds that seemed to feel some of the restlessness of the occupants of the house were baying the moon that had just risen.

After his marriage Zack Waxcomb built a small cottage upon the little piece of land that was owned by his wife's father. Here the young couple lived very poorly; for though the young woman united bravely with her husband in his efforts, there were wanting the implements and team necessary to farm the few acres adjoining their home. The young man soon found that he had upon himself not only the burden of his own house, but that of the family into which he had married as well, in which there were eight idle children, ranging from sixteen years downward, who were taught to believe that their sister's husband was to be as much a slave to them as she had been before her marriage.

Wash took to hunting, shortly after his brother's marriage, more diligently than he had done for years. His luck seemed bad, however, as he brought home very little game. The horse that he rode often looked as if it had travelled a long distance; and several times Ezekiel fancied that he saw the collar mark upon his son's horse when he returned after nearly a whole day's absence.

Waxcomb attributed the small quantity of game that his son brought home to the heavy rains that had fallen in the early summer. These, he thought, must have destroyed the birds while young. But as he rode over his plantation and through the neighborhood he found more birds than usual, and so in another way accounted for Wash's want of success. He knew too well the young man's skill to believe for an instant that there was any fault in the shooting. And as his son rode off so frequently with gun and dogs, and never seemed discouraged at his apparent bad luck, Ezekiel recollected his own youthful days, and began to fear that he had taken to gambling.

This suspicion became a certainty to his mind when, one day, having missed the finest of the young cows on the place, and fearing that it had been stolen, he asked Wash if he knew anything about it. The way the young man colored up at the question, and the confused manner in which he answered, satisfied Ezekiel that the milch cow had been lost at "crack-a-loo." He determined, therefore, to have the store-keeper at the cross-roads indicted for allowing gaming to go on there, and at the next term of the court, as foreman of the grand jury, voted to present his neighbor, who only escaped because, when Waxcomb was interrogated by the other members of the jury, the evidence upon which the charge was made did not seem sufficient to justify a presentment.

II.

Days, weeks, and months passed without Zack's name being once mentioned in his father's presence. To be sure, Ezekiel had ridden down the morning after the wedding, and told Mr. Carter he wanted a divorce for his son, and upon being asked if his son or his son's wife desired it, had said, with considerable impatience, "I don' know, an' I don' kyar, neither; but I'll have that d'vo'ce ef thar's eny law in the lan'!" It is also true that when told it was impossible to get a divorce upon the application of a third party, the farmer for the first time in his life began to doubt the opinion of one in whom he, along with the rest of the county, had always had such implicit confidence.

A vacancy in the office of sheriff had been caused by the death of an officer who had held the position for ten years. The vacancy had been filled, and the court, which had been sitting a week, adjourned early Saturday afternoon. Lawyers, justices, jurymen, and all who had been attending the quarterly term were returning home. After riding some distance in company, the new sheriff found himself travelling alone. He had just declined the last of many invitations to stop and spend the night, invariably extended as one or another of those with whom he had been riding turned off from the "main road," which ran the length of the county.

"I'll git thar mighty little after sundown," he had said to the last of his companions, who urged him to stop for the night, as it was growing late. The brisk gallop with which his horse started off seemed to indicate that the remaining five miles of the trip home would be made in the time specified.

As the thirsty horse was drinking at the little stream which ran across the road the attention of the rider was attracted by the rattling of a cow-bell in the alder bushes along the water's edge. In a minute a cow ran out into the road, closely followed by a little negro girl, who held in her arms a handsome baby. The child clung tightly to its nurse, and seemed no more disconcerted at the speed with which it was carried through weeds and bushes than if it had been the young of some marsupial animal carried in the pouch of its mother.

"Whar 'r' yo' runnin' that cow to, gal?"

"Jes' kyar'in' her back home, suh; she broke out de pen leetle while ago, jes ez we 'uz gwine to milkin'."

"I'll sw'ar it's my cow I lost eighteen months ago. But maybe," said he, lowering his voice, and speaking to himself, "'twar yo' marster she war won by at crack-a-loo!"

"She sho' will run by marster er enybody else," said the girl, who thought the last remark was meant for her, though she failed to catch it. "An' ef yo' lef's a crack loose big 's a hyar gap, she'll bust out 'n' git in t' urr fokes's corn. 'On't she, Ell'n?"

"What's that chile named?" asked the officer.

"Ell'n, suh."

"Ellen what?"

"Ell'n Waxcum, suh."

"Ellen Waxcomb!" exclaimed the astonished rider, as he stopped his horse with a jerk that almost threw the animal back on its haunches, and took the infant up in his arms. "Yass, I'll sw'ar that's the name, for these are her own eyes."

The child seemed delighted at being on horseback; so much so that when, after some distance, it was given back into its nurse's arms, it cried; and the sheriff of the county rode off with tears rolling down his cheeks and dropping on his saddle-bow.

Ezekiel said nothing about the cow when he got home, but just before going to bed he told Wash about seeing the baby. He did not even then, however, mention his eldest son's name; and as he immediately changed the subject, and seemed little inclined to talk, the young man did not press him to speak further about the matter. Wash noticed one thing particularly: when his father hung up his old silver watch on the nail over the fireplace, as he had done for so many years upon going to bed, the leather guard and old-fashioned locket which had always been associated with it in the young man's mind were gone.

When the baby's mother heard from the little nurse what had happened, she wondered who had taken such notice of her child. Nor was her curiosity relieved when she examined the locket found around the little girl's neck, though on it were the initials "E. B.," simply cut, and within it was a lock of auburn hair. As soon, however, as Zack came in, even before he heard the nurse's statement, he recognized the locket as one his father had worn so many years, and looked with reverence upon his mother's hair, which, as a boy on his father's knee, he had so often seen looking just as it did then. That night Zack lay down with a lighter heart than he had done for nearly two years. Nor had the thought of being restored to his former position in his father's eyes left him next morning when he sprang out of bed, and after dressing himself, set about starting the fire that was to cook the morning meal.

The coals were raked together from the ashes with which they had been covered the night before, according to the custom of the house, by which the fire upon the hearth, like that upon the altar of Vesta, was kept burning from year to year. Soon the blazing light-wood and crackling hickory gave the appearance of cheerfulness and comfort to the whole room.

The small clock over the shelf was striking with discordant sound as Zack placed on the coals a tin cup filled with milk for the baby, who by her actions in the cradle was trying to show her father that she was awake, and ready for her breakfast. The sassafras stick with which the coals had been raked together was still in his hand when the violent barking of old Rambler outside caused him to start toward the door. The dawn of the Sabbath morning was just breaking as the young man stood bareheaded on the large stone in front of the door which served as a step. The only sound that could be heard was the crowing of a game-cock in the hen-house near by, and the refrain which in the quiet of the morning was to be heard from some neighboring roost. The cow-shed and pig-pen were visited by their owner, who satisfied himself that everything was quiet about the premises. He had just driven the hound, that had begun to bark with renewed energy as soon as its master's presence was recognized, under the house, when his ear caught the sound of a horse's feet approaching the house at great speed. In a minute a blazed-face horse drew up at the little gate before the cottage, and a negro boy swung from the saddle, shouting as if to remove all possibility of not being heard even by those who might be asleep within: "Awe, Marse Zack! Marse Zack!"

Unable to account for what sounded to her like an unearthly shout, Zack's wife rushed to the door, and jerked it open just in time to hear her husband's agonizing shriek, and a strange voice excitedly say, "Dead, 'fo' Gord!"

III.

The last star in the western sky was beginning to grow pale before the approach of day. A man stood in front of Ezekiel Waxcomb's house, straining his eyes through the dusk in the direction of the road which was the main entrance to the plantation from that side. He had been standing there some time, in spite of the chilliness of the early morning, before there appeared against the black background of the oak forest, several hundred yards away, the dim outline of a rider who rode toward the house at top speed.

The watcher in the yard hastened to the gate. The rider flung himself from the great sorrel horse, whose dilating nostril, quivering flank, and foam-flecked body showed the terrible speed of the ride, and the two men threw themselves into each other's arms.

"Ain't thar no hope?" asked the new-comer.

"None," answered the other, slowly shaking his head, and drawing the sleeve of his rough coat across his eyes. "He wuz dead when I got thar!"

As Zack Waxcomb accompanied his brother into the house, which he entered now for the first time in two years, every object therein was connected with some incident of his past life. The guns hung up over the door in the white-oak forks which had held them for years; the fishing-poles, tied together in a bundle, stood in the same corner of the passage. His father's saddle hung by one stirrup from the wooden peg in the wall, as it always did when not in use by its owner; while near it was hanging the horn so often sounded by the breath of him that was now silent forever.

The young man took it all in at a glance, though his whole attention was riveted to the manly form stretched upon the low bed in the corner; and his eyes, blinded with tears, were fixed upon a face that, as it was illumined by the light of the eastern sky shining through the little window, wore even in death a life-like expression.

Oblivious of everything around him, Zack threw himself upon his father's body, exclaiming, in a voice of inexpressible anguish, "Or, dad, daddy, fergive me! Or, God A'mighty, have mercy!"

It was not long before he was interrupted by a loud knocking at the backdoor. Wash opened it, and grasped the hand of a large man whose heavy boots were bespattered with mud, and who wore a big white hat, which he removed on coming into the room. The forehead thus uncovered was broad and high, and the hair that fringed it seemed prematurely gray. The saddle-bags, which were the drug store of the neighborhood, were hung across the back of a "split-bottomed" chair, and the physician proceeded at once to examine the body of Ezekiel Waxcomb, to see if there remained any sign of life.

"I came as soon as I could after the boy got to my house," he said, addressing the young men, whose confidence in him was such as to make them hope that he might even then do something to restore their father; "but it's too late. I couldn't have done anything, though, if I had gotten here sooner; for God Almighty is the only physician equal to heart-disease."

IV.

As the neighbors returned from Ezekiel's funeral, many of them, with that interest which these country people take in the affairs of each other, wondered how he had left his property.

"I hyerd lawyer Kyarter sey, little while back," said a large man riding a roan horse, "he'd writ a will for Zikeyel three year ago; an' he 'vided out ev'ything he hed 'tween hi' two sons, 'cep' some money to John Stone's wife—yo' know she 'uz some kin to Zikeyel's wife, an' Zikeyel sot a heap o' sto' by her too, an' always did."

"Three yare ago!" answered his companion, as he gave his mule a cut with the dogwood switch he had just broken. "That wair befo' Zik's son went off an' hed a gal 'g'ins' his wush. I nuver could see how come he cut up so 'bout it. To be sho', her daddy is bin to the Pentenshry; but she couldn't he'p that; 'twar'n' no fault o' hern. An' it 'll be a pity ef that boy is cut out'n of ev'ything."

"Ef he did disin'erit Zack," said one of another group where the matter was discussed, "Wash 'll be one of the riches' boys 'bout hyar."

"He will that," replied the young man walking by his side, emphatically. "An' thar ain' much doubt 'bout the dis'herit'n' neither, 'cuz I hyard daddy sey las' week ez how, when he wuz kyarryin' a saw log to mill, an' Zack wuz he'pin' 'im, ole man Waxcomb met 'em and spoke to him, but nuver sey nuthin' to hi' son; an' after he done pass, Zack 'lowed his daddy hedn' spoke to him sence hi' mar'age."

"'Twill serve him right ef he don' git a cent!" The speaker was a sharp-eyed, hawk-nosed woman about fifty years old, who always thought she would have made a good step-mother to the Waxcomb boys, and who had never yet forgiven herself for not marrying Ezekiel. "He had no bus'ness to marry ag'inst his father's will."

"But he seemed might'ly 'stressed," suggested a mild, matronly-looking female who wore a black dress.

"Well, he oughter be. But he was a heap mo' troubled 'cuz he thought he wouldn' git none of his father's property than he was at his death, I'll be boun'!"

An overhanging limb under which the wagon passed struck the bonnet of the last speaker, and interrupted her sinister remarks.

As the mild-faced woman remembered Zack's kindness to her eldest son, who had been buried the week before, she had only time to say, "I don't think so," before something rose up in her throat and prevented her saying anything more. Her garrulous neighbor, who had been asked to ride back from the funeral, muttered something about her bonnet being ruined, and the little boy who drove the wagon was relieved when the road was reached where the hawk-nosed woman got out, as he felt uncomfortable and somewhat indignant at a remark that she had made about his driving.

V.

At Wash's earnest request, Zack came back to the old home after the funeral, and brought his wife and child. Mr. Carter, who was acquainted with all of Ezekiel's business, was sent for to examine the papers left by the dead man. When he arrived he was ushered into a room where soon collected the two young men, Zack's wife and baby, John Stone's wife, who had come as soon as she heard the sad news of her friend's death, and the hawk-nosed woman, who, having heard that Mr. Carter was to be there that day, had come to find out how the property was going.

A cupboard was opened, and the lawyer began to look over the papers found there. After examining a number of receipts, notes, and bonds, he took out a paper that was wrapped up in a piece of leather and bound around with shoe-thread.

"Here's the will," he said. "I drafted it three years ago. Everything goes to you boys except a thousand dollars in money to Mrs. Stone."

At this announcement every one appeared satisfied except the hawk-nosed woman, who was manifestly disgusted, and wondered "what Lucy Stone ever done to be gittin' a thousand dollars o' Ezeekyel's money!"

Zack leant over and took from his wife's arms the curly-headed Ellen, who at once began to pull at the coarse black band around her father's sleeve.

"Wait a minute!" suddenly exclaimed the lawyer; and it looked as if the injunction was so well heeded that some of those present were waiting to breathe. "What is this? 'Kodercil.—I disherit Zackry Waxcomb ez he marryed agin my will, an I give all his shar to my son Washintun. Ezekiell Waxcomb.'"

There was silence while the lawyer again looked at the paper, and once more examined the curiously written codicil. One member of the company showed more complacency than at any time since her arrival, and firmly believed that when Mr. Carter read further he would find that Mrs. Stone had also been left out, and would not be a sharer of Ezekiel's bounty.

The feelings of Zack Waxcomb are hard to describe. He cared little for himself, but felt that by the very terms of the will a curse rested on his innocent wife and child. As he met the sad gaze of his wife he was unable to suppress his feelings, and hid his head behind the child that he carried.

"It is properly executed," said the professional man, "and carries the whole estate, except a thousand dollars, to you, Wash."

When the codicil, dated the day of his brother's marriage, was read, Wash's mind had reverted to the night his father had opened this very cupboard, while he was dreaming of the forest hunt with Zack. His thoughts were only recalled when the announcement was made that all of the property except what was to go to Mrs. Stone was his.

"Gi'e me the paper!" said Wash.

The lawyer handed it to him mechanically, and the hawk-nosed woman thought he was anxious to get possession of the will that the title of the property might be in his own hands. She was thinking what a clever thing it was, when the young man, holding the paper, asked: "Sey, Mr. Kyarter, s'pose thar warn' no will, who would 'ar the 'state?"

"If there was no will, you and your brother would take in equal shares."

"Then thar ain't no will, 'cep' ez to Cousin Lucy's money!" said he, turning and thrusting the paper into the fire, and at the same time stamping it into the coals with his heavy boot, with no more ostentation or expectation of credit than, when a boy hunting with his brother, he had torn the "wadding" in half and divided it with him.

Zack's wife sat that day at the head of the table at the old home, as she has done ever since; and the whole party dined together, except the hawk-nosed woman, who, after the will was burned, became disgusted and left before dinner, though she was invited to remain. In relating the incident afterward she said, "I never thought that boy was sech a fool; but he got all that from Ellen Brown!"

Mr. Carter administered on the estate at the next term of the county court, and the first money paid out after his qualification as representative was *two* thousand dollars to Mrs. Lucy Stone, upon an order signed by Zack and Wash Waxcomb.

THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE.—Drawn by Camille Piton from a Photograph.

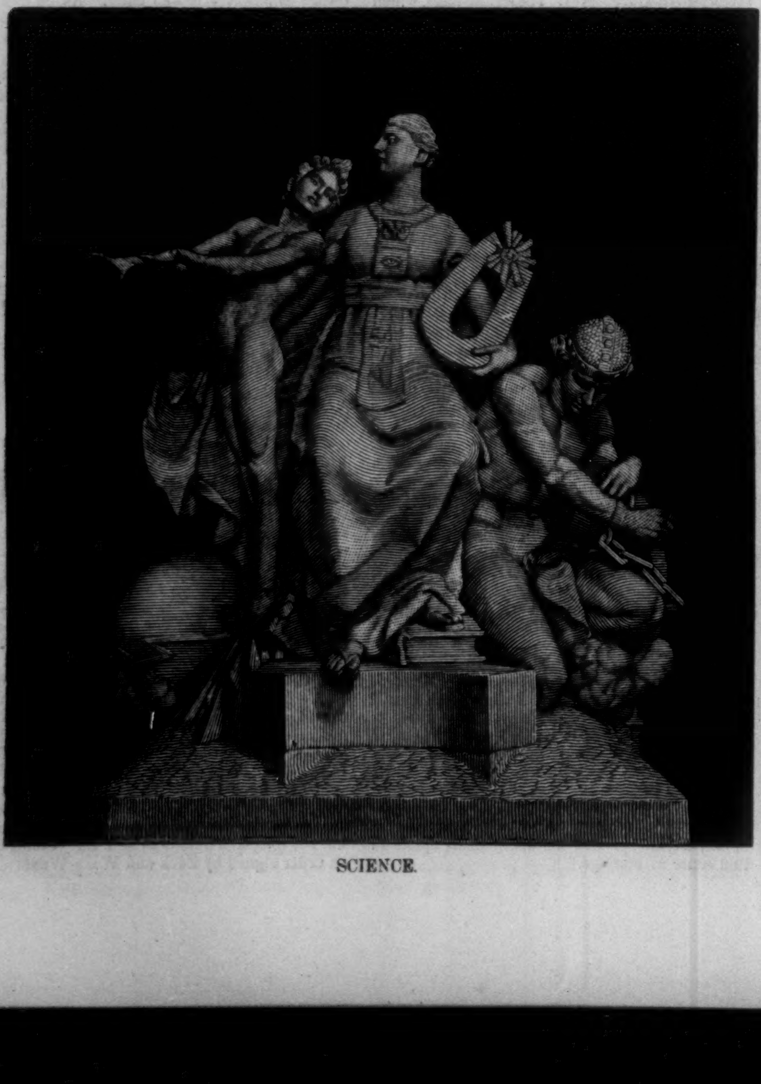
THE UNITED STATES BUILDING IN BOSTON.

The engraving above gives a view of the principal front of the great building in Boston which the United States finished not very long ago, after occupying a number of years in the construction. Originally planned for the use of the Post-office, it was soon perceived to be too small even for that single department alone, and measures were taken to obtain an extension of the site first secured, and then to develop the building itself until all of the public services of the general government, except the customs, should be accommodated there.

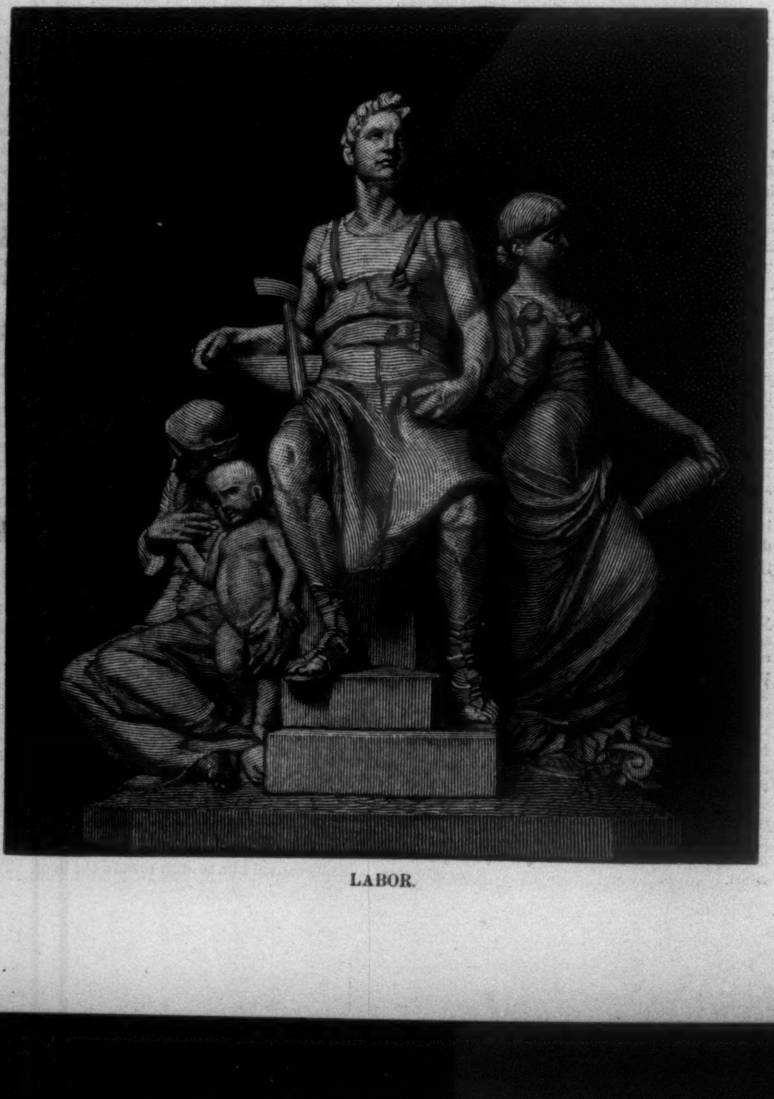
The location is central and accessible, being a whole square lying just to the east of Washington Street, and bounded by Milk, Devonshire, Water, and Congress streets. The building has therefore four fronts of nearly equal value so far as the public convenience is concerned, and each is architecturally treated in accordance with this fact, while upon one has been bestowed a richer style to secure the distinction of a real façade. This is the eastern side, abutting on Congress Street, which here expands spaciously into Post-office Square, and offers such a point of view as the artist has selected, commanding this chief front, combined with either the northern or southern elevation.

As there is a considerable declivity from Devonshire to Congress street, the basement receives wagons directly from one street level, so that the movement of the mails is easy and protected. The Post-office occupies the centre of the main floor, and a broad corridor runs entirely around it, giving direct and open access to every division, and to the private rooms of the chief officials, which are placed at the ends of the rectangle between the corridor and the street. Broad staircases and elevators conduct to the upper stories, where are placed the Sub-Treasury, the Internal Revenue Bureau, the United States Courts, the Light-house Board, etc.

The principal front bears two large symbolic groups, indicated in the general view, and also reproduced below in detail. These groups, intended to be architectural and not purely sculptural in their effect, were made by Mr. Daniel C. French, of Concord, Massachusetts, and were uncovered without any ceremony when that side of the building was ready for use. One represents "Labor Sustaining the Family and the Fine Arts," and the other "Science Controlling the Forces of Electricity and Steam"; their adult figures would be fifteen feet high if standing erect, the child in the Labor group being six feet tall. They are made of marble from Sutherland Falls, Vermont, where much of the cutting was done, several of the heads, however, having been wrought in Boston, after the arrival of the figures, by Mr. French himself. Indeed, the finishing touches were given by the sculptor after the groups were in place, deepening shadows and simplifying surfaces according to the effect required from below. Of this part of his work Mr. French recently wrote to a friend: "I never before had a studio 120 feet from the ground, or one so narrow as the plank that served for staging."



SCIENCE.



LABOR.

JERSEY CITY A.C.

ATHLETICS IN THE SUBURBS.

The Orange Athletic Club, although the youngest of the several suburban associations whose purpose is indicated in the title, has been the most energetic in providing itself with a fine home, the formal house-warming of which occurred only a day or two ago. It was a very brilliant affair, this formal inauguration of the club-house; for besides embracing most of the brawn and sinew of that group of picturesque villages known as the Oranges, the Orange Athletic Club has a strong and recognized hold upon the social interest of the community. Though only organized in March last, its nucleus being a small shooting club, the Orange Athletic Club has to-day a membership of about 400, and the picturesque club-house of which it has just taken possession will have cost, when entirely finished, including an adjacent tennis-court, now in course of construction, nearly $42,000. The club-house, of which Mr. H. Hudson Holly is the architect, is situated close by the Brick Church Station at Orange. It is, as will be seen from the illustration, two stories high in the main, with a lofty attic, which is at present unused, but which will, whenever the club feels sufficiently strong to undertake the maintenance of a restaurant, be used for culinary purposes. The main building covers a street front of 100 feet, and is 50 feet deep. Of this space a splendid gymnasium, two stories in height, occupies 45 by 50 feet. Then there are a billiard-room, supplied with four tables; a large hall, with a luxurious open fireplace; ladies' reception and dressing rooms (for, on the principle of the Riding Club of this city, membership entitles the ladies of one's family to the privilege of the club, under certain restrictions); committee-rooms, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, and lockers. In the basement is a bowling-court with six alleys. The covered tennis-court, which is rapidly being constructed, is just behind the club-house proper, and will be connected with it by a covered veranda, which will project beyond the line of the club-house on one side, the projecting portion serving as a conservatory for flowers. Under this most convenient veranda will be stabling room for bicycles, the use of which is very generally affected by the gentlemen of Orange. The tennis building will be 106 by 90 feet in dimensions, affording ample room for two courts and a running track surrounding them. The officers of the Orange Athletic Club are R. W. Hawkesworth, President, J. M. Hare, Vice-President, G. P. Kingsley, Treasurer, and H. B. Thomas, Secretary.

STATEN ISLAND A.C.

The Staten Island Athletic Club has this essential advantage over the club first mentioned, and the two that are yet to be described, that it does not measure its possessions of real estate by the foot, but by the acre. It is, comparatively speaking, an old club, having been started nearly nine years ago, and having a membership to-day of more than 600. The charter members felt less need apparently of a roof over their heads than of ground under their feet, and soon after its incorporation the club came into possession of some land in West New Brighton, upon which was immediately laid out a cinder path. The only club-house was a "grand stand" and some dressing-rooms. In 1879 the Neptune and Hesper rowing clubs of Staten Island were consolidated with the athletic club, and the following year a handsome boat-house was launched upon the Kill von Kull, and was thenceforward until last season the head-quarters of this land and water athletic club. A few months ago, by-the-way, this boat-house was struck and destroyed by one of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's tows, but negotiations are now pending for an

PALMA A.C.

amicable settlement of this loss, and a larger and finer boat-house will be erected in the spring. Fortunately, before the loss of the boat-house, the club had become financially able to purchase a home for itself, and the spacious house and grounds formerly occupied by George W. Campbell, Esq., were secured, together with four acres of land adjacent thereto. To-day therefore finds the Staten Island Athletic Club not only with a spacious winter club-house, containing fourteen sleeping-rooms, a large kitchen, library, and parlors, but with broad acres of land of their own adjoining it. Upon these grounds there is a base-ball field, a grand stand seating 500 persons, a cinder track one-fifth of a mile to the lap, and ten tennis-courts. The winter attractions of the club-house are found in the restaurants, card-rooms, reading-rooms, and pool-rooms with which it is provided. The officers of the Staten Island Athletic Club are John W. Edwards, President, Henry O. Bailey, Vice-President, George M. Mackellar, Treasurer, and William C. Davis and Hammond Van Vechten, Secretaries.

One of the most ornamental buildings in Jersey City is the club-house of the Jersey City Athletic Club, which association was established in the fall of 1878. The athletic activity of this club, which has since 1879 been a member of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, has long been recognized, its members participating successfully in many open contests. It was eight years after the formation of this club before the ground was broken for a club-house of its own. That building as shown in the accompanying illustration is externally completed, but it will not be available for the use of the club for several weeks. It is located at the corner of Clinton and Crescent avenues. The basement and first story of the building are of Belleville brown stone. The upper story is of wood, shingled, with batten framing to the windows. From the open belfry at the top of the round stone tower a magnificent view

ORANGE A.C.

SUBURBAN ATHLETIC CLUBS.—Drawn by Louis Joutel from Photographs by Gubelman and Architects' Plans.

of New York and the harbor may be obtained. The membership is about 400.

The Palma Club, also in Jersey City, like the newly formed Athletic Club of Orange, is the outgrowth of a shooting organization, from which it takes its name. It was organized in 1882, and has to-day 420 members, and a splendid club-house at the corner of Jersey Avenue and Bright Street. As you enter the building you go directly into a splendid bowling-alley, which, with a rifle range, entirely occupies the ground-floor. The Palma Club is a member of the Amateur Bowling League, consisting otherwise of the New York, Jersey City, Elizabeth, Brooklyn, and Roseville athletic clubs, and seems in a fair way of winning the bowling championship. Directly over the bowling-alley and rifle range are the parlors and reception-rooms. Rising to the full height of the building in the rear, and occupying a space of 40 by 48 feet, is the gymnasium. The club is social as well as muscular, ladies who are friends of the members being given the privileges of the bowling-alleys and rifle range five afternoons each week.

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I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

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I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

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LAWYER. "How much for carrying in that coal, Uncle Rastus?"

UNCLE RASTUS. "One dollar, sah."

LAWYER. "A dollar! That's too much."

UNCLE RASTUS. "Yo' mus' b'ar in min', sah, dat it tuk yeahs of ha'd experience befo' I waz cognizant ter carry in coal. My poo' ole fadder an' mudder, sah, mus' a licked me a thousand times when dey wuz l'arnin' me ter carry coal. Hit's like de law business, boss, yuse got ter cha'ge fer educashun."

AYE, THERE'S THE RUB!

"Eldah, ez chahman ob de committee it iz my onpleasant duty to info'm yo' dat we hain't been able to raise yo' sallery dis yeah, an'—"

"Brudder Pillsbury, I's mighty glad yo' 'preciate me, but I doan wan' my sallery raised, Brudder. Jes pay me de sallery we 'greed on, an' I's satisfied."

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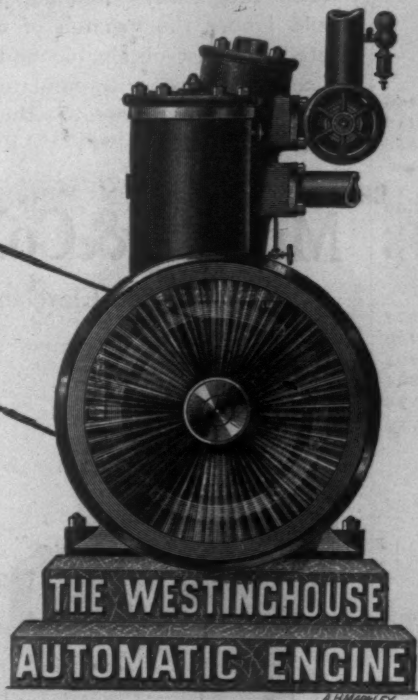

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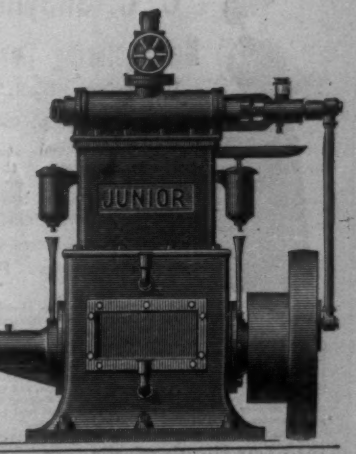

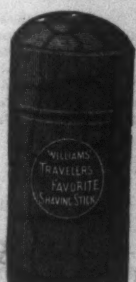

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21st ANNUAL
STATEMENT
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1, 1887.

ASSETS.

Real estate	$782,577 15
Cash on hand and in bank	577,582 87
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	3,483,446 85
Interest on loans, accrued but not due	83,419 52
Loans on collateral security	405,425 15
Deferred and due and unreported Life premiums	182,015 11
United States government bonds	165,750 00
State, county, and municipal bonds	832,487 28
Railroad stocks and bonds	1,506,016 75
Bank stocks	801,044 00
Miscellaneous stocks and bonds	341,825 00
Total Assets	**$9,111,589 68**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent., Life Dep't	$6,047,778 79
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident Dep't	677,457 68
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities	257,187 33
Total liabilities	**$6,982,423 80**
Surplus as regards policy-holders	**$2,129,165 88**

SUMMARY OF BUSINESS.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number Life Policies written to date	**48,486**
Number written in 1886	**3,449**
New Life Insurance written in 1886	**$8,420,553**
($2,774,603, or 50 per cent. more than in 1885.)	
Gain during year in am't in force	**$4,365,494 00**
Paid Life Policy-Holders in all	**3,718,302 74**
Paid Life Policy-Holders in 1886	**428,155 72**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Policies written to date	**1,293,574**
Number written in 1886	**107,259**
Whole number Accident Claims paid	**154,265**
Number paid in 1886	**16,934**
Whole am't Accident Claims paid	**$9,033,867 26**
Amount paid in 1886	**888,738 82**
Total Losses paid, both Departments,	**$12,752,170 00**

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.
RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary.
GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
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Manufacturing Furrier,
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Will retail fashionable Furs and Seal-skin Garments this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

THIS IS SHAWKNIT THIS IS SEAMLESS

This drawing is illustrative of the structural difference between the Shawknit heel and the "seamless." It will be noticed that the intermediate wales in the Shawknit stocking, instead of turning sharply at the ankle joint and running to the toe, as in the "seamless," run down from the ankle-joint towards the point of the heel, return to the ankle-joint, and then go on to the toe. This diversion of the wales at the ankle-joint constitutes the gusset, whereby the Shawknit heel is made so much more roomy and comfortable than the "seamless."

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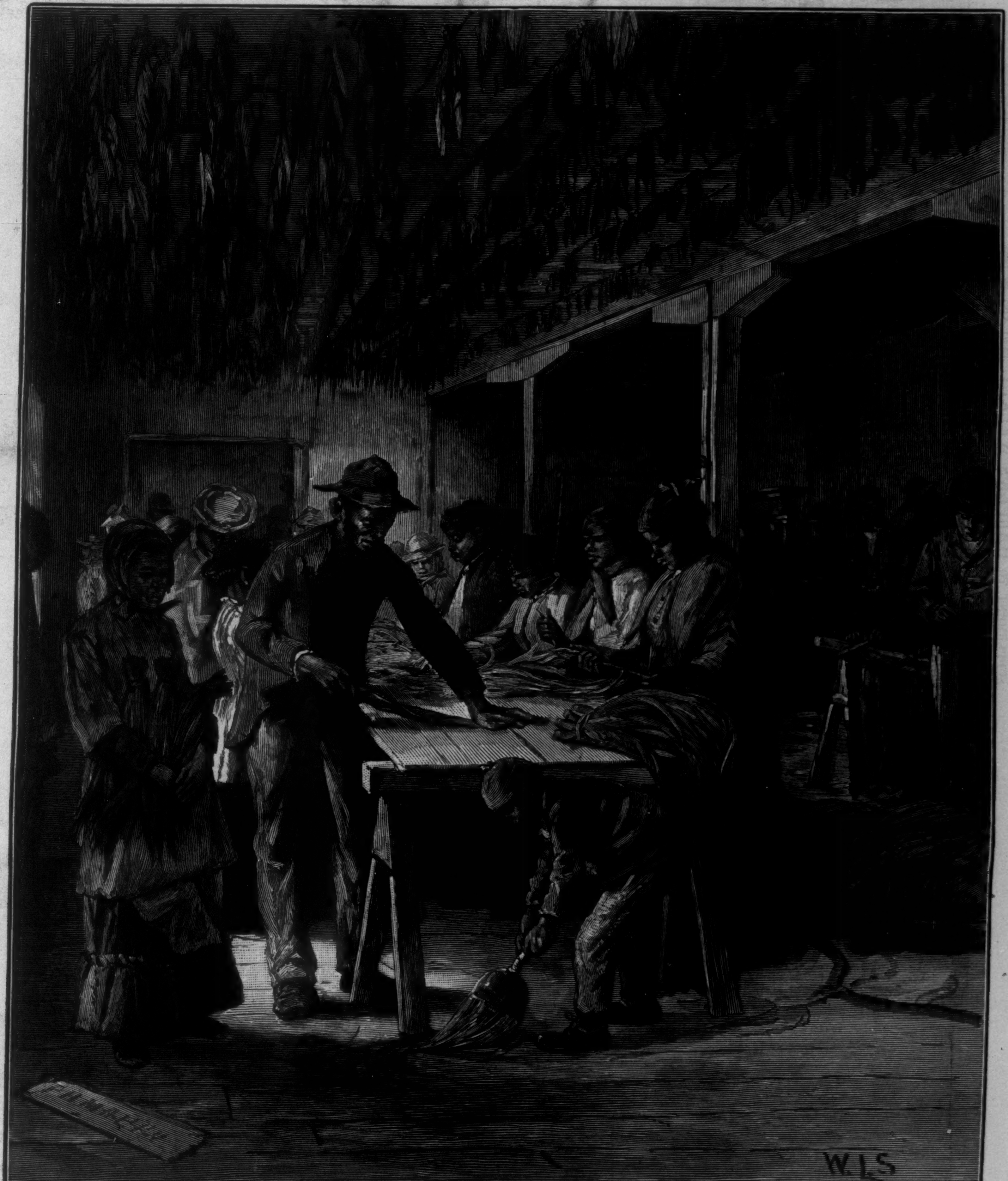
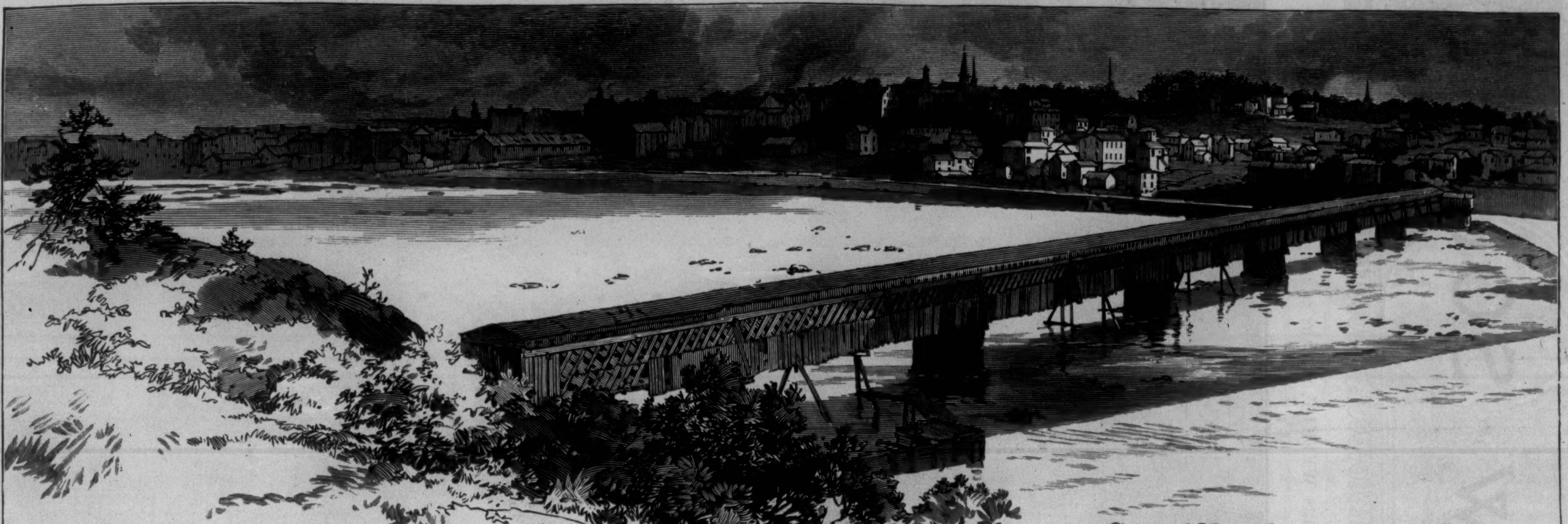
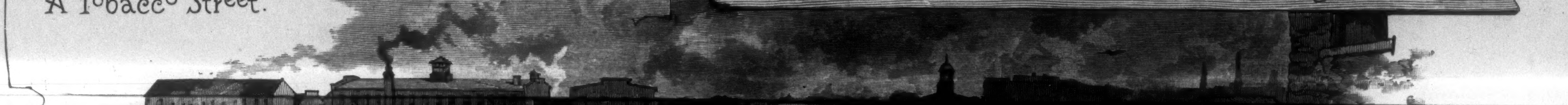


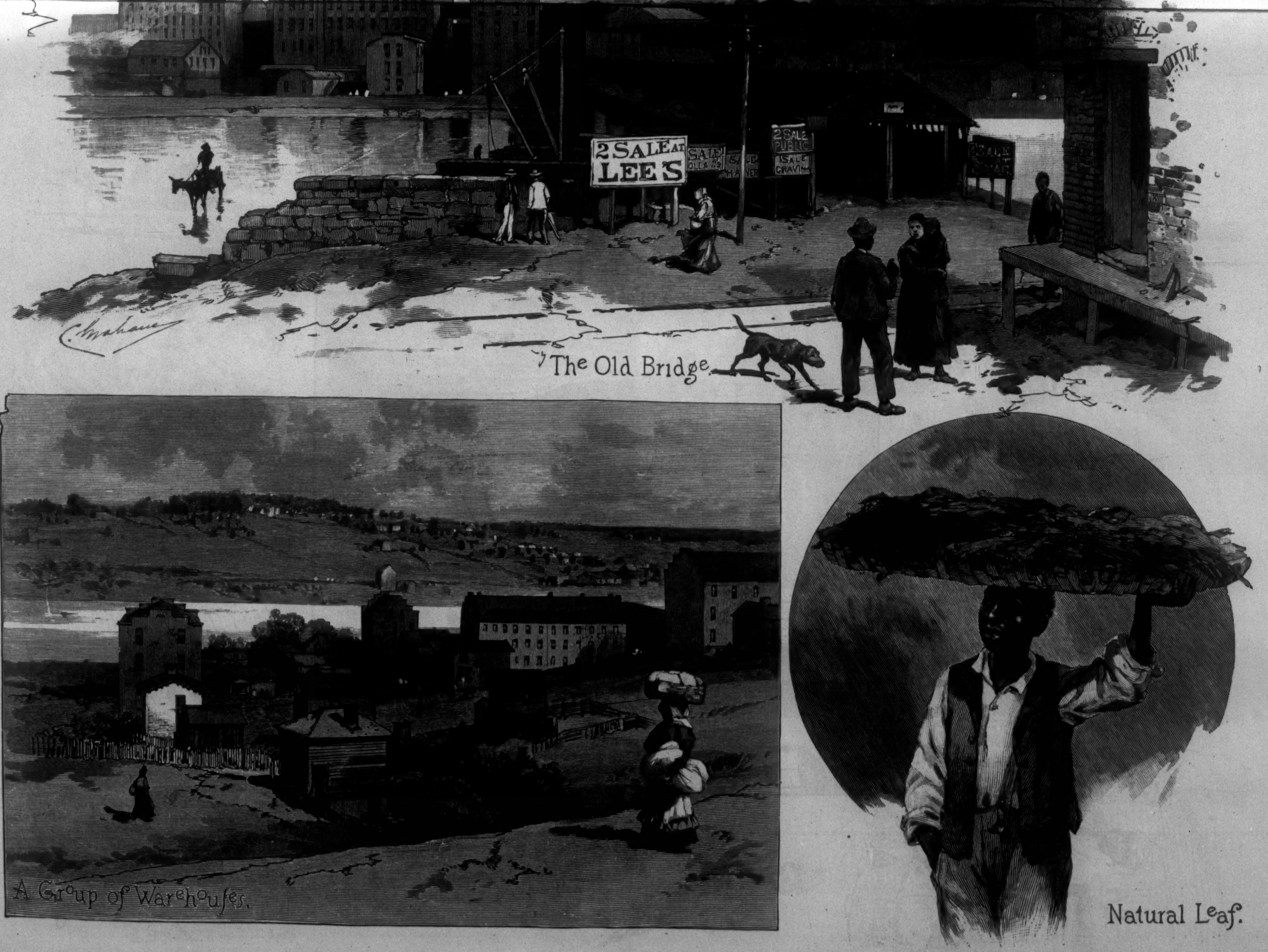
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA—STRIPPING TOBACCO.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," PAGE 75.]


General View from across the Dan.

A Tobacco Street.

On the way to Market.





DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 75.]